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THE WARM AND EARNEST welcome given by the throngs on Broadway to the Prime Minister of Great Britain when he landed in New York was notable in itself, but it was especially gratifying since it was a welcome to a man of peace. The famous street, which has so often witnessed the adulation of the military, on this occasion took to its heart the man who more than anyone else in Europe today typifies in himself the spirit of good-will, of peace on earth, the finest internationalism that we know. True, the President of the United States ordered cruisers to meet his ship, and a battalion of infantry to present arms when he came ashore, but they were unnecessary and out of taste, though they were meant as additional evidences of friendship. It is too early at this writing to record anything that has come out of the conversations between Prime Minister and President. If we still have our doubts about the actual practical results, if we would still solve the whole problem by sinking all the naval vessels and mustering out the battalions without fear of any nation, and without the slightest regard for preparedness or parity, we are certain that the visit of Ramsay MacDonald will be not without achievement. That will, however, lie rather in the domain of psychology than in any other field. We believe that when the Prime Minister leaves he will have done much to change the whole attitude of the two peoples toward one another, and will, therefore, have lessened the force of the propaganda of the paid patrioteers, the talking jingo admirals, and the newspapers that continue to seek to coin dirty pennies by rousing the fears of the public and stimulating national animosities.

THE DEMORALIZATION of the Administration forces in the Senate was strikingly shown when Senator Norris, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, appointed as members of the subcommittee to hold the lobby investigation Senator Caraway and Senator Walsh of Montana, Democrats, Senators Borah and Blaine, insurgents, and Senator Robinson of Indiana, regular Republican. To add to the joy of the occasion, Senator Caraway announced as one of the first subjects of investigation the lobbying in favor of the tariff bill. The spectacle of Senators Walsh, Borah, and Blaine cross-questioning Mr. Joseph R. Grundy, with Senator Caraway on the alert to gain any possible partisan advantage involved, and only the feeble Robinson of Indiana wringing his hands at sight of the probable embarrassment of the Old Guard forces, is a prospect to be welcomed with glee by all honest men. The subcommittee as constituted is not unlikely to dig up facts that will constitute effective ammunition against the pending bill, already shot full of holes by the Democratic-insurgent combination. Senator Norris's sensible words about lobbying suggest that the inquiry, so far as he can control it, will not run into hysterics.

THE INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY, anxious to prove that it was not a great big monster trying to get control of poor innocent newspapers, has, with the sale of the Boston *Herald* and *Traveler*, got rid of its last incumbrance and can draw a breath of fresh air, free from the danger of further Congressional investigations. It is true, of course, that the International never had any desire to control the editorial or news policy of the papers it owned. Everybody is perfectly aware of that. But for a time, in spite of this general air of detachment, things were pretty hot. The future of the Boston papers, however, is not so bright as it might be. For they have fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire, out of the ownership—but not control—of the International into the hands of a group of bankers—Eastman, Dillon and Company, Tucker, Anthony and Company, and the First National Corporation of Boston. These corporations are offering stock in the papers for public sale; the papers ought to make money; it is unlikely that they will make money if some editorial writer or reporter gets too rash in his criticism of the *status quo* or, more specifically, of any advertiser in the newspaper. What will be the result? The *Herald* and the *Traveler* are not free papers now any more

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than they were free under the ownership of the International Paper Company. We have no free press when a newspaper is run as a business enterprise, primarily to make money for somebody. The International might just as well have saved itself the trouble of the sale.

THE BLOODCURDLING TALE that comes out of Colorado State Prison, which ended with the murder of seven guards, the death of four convicts and the suicide of their leader, and the destruction by fire or machine-gun attack of half a million dollars' worth of prison property, makes a fitting climax to the series of prison outbursts that have occurred in this country during the last few months. For it should be evident that no five men could maintain the sort of hideous and bloody siege held to by these five convicts, or could for seventeen hours keep up the bloodthirsty spirit of revenge necessary to kill seven of their jailors and finally themselves except under prison conditions that are unendurable to mortal flesh. These men were enemies of society, and upon society, in the persons of their jailors, they took a dreadful revenge. But society again, in the persons of prison wardens, chairmen of "crime committees," penologists, and all persons who are directly or indirectly concerned with the incarceration of men convicted of crime, should consider carefully where the feud started. As long as we have a prison system which seeks to "reform" prisoners by punishing them, as long as we have prison labor unpaid except occasionally by wages that are only a fraction of those paid outside the prison, as long as we have monotony, silence, bad food, foul cells, and on top of all this long prison terms with no hope of earlier release, we shall have desperate men willing to take any incredible and bloody chance to get out. Death for them is preferable to prison. We might take the trouble to inspect the enlightened penal systems of other countries—Germany, Mexico, England. We might take time off to review our whole prison system, with the notion that perhaps the Mosaic law is not the best foundation for it. If we do not, there is no telling what extremes will be upon us.

SIX MORE STRIKERS have met violent deaths in North Carolina's cotton mill war, and the feeling is so bitter in the Marion and Charlotte districts that more violence may be expected at any moment. The Marion massacre—and it deserves to be called that—cannot be blamed upon the Communists, for they were many miles away at the time and the strike at the Marion Manufacturing Company mills was led by the United Textile Workers of the American Federation of Labor. A local sheriff and several deputies became hysterical when a few strikers gathered in front of the mill early in the morning and refused to move on. Every impartial witness agrees that not a single shot came from the strikers' side, but the deputies poured a fusillade into the strikers' ranks and continued to fire while the men were running away. Four of the six men killed were shot in the back. As a result of the massacre Sheriff Oscar Adkins and fourteen of his deputies will face charges of murder, and thirty-two of the strikers will be tried for conspiracy and rebellion. It is a pity that the real culprit in the whole tragedy cannot be placed on trial. R. W. Baldwin, owner of the Marion Manufacturing Company, had recently made a settlement with his workers after a long strike, and then had so openly and ruthlessly violated that settlement that the starving mill workers were driven to desperation. Nothing can punish an employer for such treachery except possibly the outraged public opinion of the country; and we hope that Mr. Baldwin and other Southern mill owners of his stripe will be held up for public inspection by a Senate investigating committee. At Washington Senator Wheeler is fighting vigorously for his resolution calling for such an investigation, but thus far he has been blocked by the tariff hogs and by Senator Overman of North Carolina.

AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA, the seven Communists and local strikers who are on trial for second-degree murder in connection with the death of Police Chief Aderholt of Gastonia face a less friendly jury than they faced at their first trial, which was brought to an abrupt end by the insanity of one of the jurors. Fundamentalist farmers dominate the present jury and all trade-union members have been eliminated; in the first trial the jury contained four union members. The fact that the prisoners do not now face the possibility of the electric chair may be an actual handicap to them because many jurors tend to convict men for second-degree murder on less convincing evidence than would be required for a first-degree verdict. It is evident as the case progresses that the prosecution cares more about convicting Fred E. Beal, Communist strike leader, than all the other prisoners collectively. Every effort is being made to prove that Beal by his speeches at strike meetings and his orders to picket leaders deliberately incited the strikers to violence on the night of Chief Aderholt's death. Fortunately for Beal, the evidence against him seems even weaker than against the other defendants. He was not discovered with a gun, although his life had been repeatedly threatened, and his alleged appeals for violent action seem to be nothing more than general exhortations to act militantly and to resist attack. That any labor leader should face the danger of thirty years in prison for such utterances is a proof of the animus that lies behind the prosecution.

WHEN BRITAIN'S LABOR CABINET negotiated a compromise agreement with the Prime Minister of Egypt they knew perfectly well that they were dealing with a mere puppet of empire. Mahmoud Pasha, member of a minority party, came into that high office only after Lord Lloyd, British High Commissioner, had set his imperial veto upon rule by a Wafdist Cabinet. Now Mahmoud has resigned, and the Wafd, the Nationalist Party, which won an overwhelming victory at the last election, seems likely to sweep the country again at the election which is now imminent. It is easy to point out how cleverly the Wafdist politicians manipulate the ignorant masses in Egypt; the fact remains that, rightly or wrongly, the bulk of Egypt of all classes supports this Nationalist Party. Rumors come from London that Nationalist leaders, while they denounce the compromise agreement today, have privately assured the British of their willingness to accept it once they are in office; but to bank upon such secret contradictions would be to play with fire. The utmost friendliness of attitude on the part of the Labor Cabinet cannot charm away the existence of fundamental and dangerous contradictions of interest between England and Egypt; if the present leaders of the Wafd should

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accept a treaty which gave full dominion over the Sudan to Britain and left English troops in complete control of the Suez region, another party would surely rise to confound them by insisting that they continue to demand what they have hitherto demanded. More trouble lies ahead.

THE RESUMPTION OF DIPLOMATIC relations between Great Britain and the Soviet Republic leaves a good many matters to be settled by negotiation. A commercial treaty, claims arising out of intervention, debt settletlements, fisheries, and the attitude of both governments toward the treaties of 1924 must still be considered to the satisfaction of both parties. The only thing that is really settled is the propaganda pledge which has been exacted by Mr. Henderson for Great Britain from the Russian Ambassador to Paris, presumably for the Soviet Government. The pledge, word for word the same as that included in the treaty of August, 1924, is binding for both parties, but it is evident that Communist propaganda in the British Empire is what it is designed to prevent. It is as follows:

> The contracting parties solemnly affirm their desire and intention to live in peace and amity with each other, scrupulously to respect the undoubted right of a state to order its own life within its own jurisdiction in its own way, to refrain and restrain all persons and organizations under their direct or indirect control, including organizations in receipt of any financial assistance from them, from any act, overt or covert, liable in any way whatsoever to endanger the tranquillity of the British Empire or the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, or intended to embitter the relations of the British Empire or the Union with their neighbors of any other countries.

This is less the language of diplomacy than that of simple justice and common sense. But it has not been the openly avowed policy of the Communist International. Whether the Soviet Government can prevent propaganda remains to be seen; meanwhile it is good to see again a commercial, financial, and one hopes a social truce.

A NEW REBELLION has started in China and this time it seems to have more than transitory significance, because it represents the original leaders of the Kuomintang who headed the Nationalist movement at Hankow two years ago. Since the Hankow and the Nanking Nationalists agreed to unite at Nanking in 1927 these original Kuomintang leaders have stayed aloof from the government, bitterly resenting the fact that Chiang Kai-shek had turned a democratic movement into a personal dictatorship. Now they have decided that the time is ripe to recapture the Nationalist movement, and they have issued a general manifesto against Chiang containing ten indictments that range all the way from graft to murder. Nominally the civilian leader of the new revolt is Wang Ching-wei, who headed the Hankow Nationalist Government of 1927, but since he is virtually exiled the present leadership falls upon the famous General Chang Fak-wei, whose "Ironsides" were the backbone of the Nationalist army in its advance from Canton. Whatever may be the fate of the military forces in revolt there can be no doubt that the new rebellion will have great political significance. The left-wing and right-wing forces opposed to Chiang Kai-shek have at last been welded together into a formal group. They contain the best brains in China and the most worthy pioneers of the movement which Chiang captured. Technically they seem to represent the majority of the Nationalist Party, but it is not likely that they can gain control of Nanking except by military conquest. And at the military game Chiang Kai-shek seems still to be the master.

ACCORDING TO MELVIN J. BALLARD, member of the Council of Twelve of the Church of Latter Day Saints, as reported in an Associated Press dispatch, citizens of the United States during the past year have been robbed of $2,650,000,000 at the points of guns, swindled out of over $6,000,000,000 by dishonest promoters, and indirectly separated from $100,000,000 by embezzlement on the part of dishonest public officials. We are glad that our faithful statisticians are at last giving us adequate data to judge the comparative efficiency of private and public industry. We assume that none will question the correctness of Mr. Ballard's figures. If our arithmetic is right, they prove that private enterprise is eighty-six and one-half times as efficient as public, or as the esteemed National Electric Light Association would put it, 8,650 per cent as good. On this basis let's figure a little ourselves. Our national income is somewhere around ninety billions. Let the government-operation camel once thrust his nose into the tent, as he has done in Ontario, and this luscious figure will straightway be divided by eighty-six and one-half, reducing it to a little more than a billion, and we shall have just about ten dollars apiece to live on for a year. We commend our computation to the Public Relations Counsel of the power companies, whose one desire, as we have learned from their literature, is to render larger service.

IT IS AN UNMIXED PLEASURE to call attention to the approaching celebration of the seventieth birthday of Professor John Dewey, noted elsewhere in this issue. Appropriately enough, it takes the form of a discussion of Professor Dewey's work in the three fields of philosophy, education, and general social progress. For the better part of a half-century this great scholar has been quietly building his ideas into the thinking, the education, and the social organization of the American people, and doing it all so unpretendingly that it is hard to realize how different things would have been if John Dewey had not been there. He has influenced the thought of students more profoundly, perhaps, than has any other American, living or dead. There is no school in the United States today that is unaffected by John Dewey's courageous experiments in the educational field and by the spread of his ideas among our teachers. His trust in the experimental method and his constant readiness to learn have been an unfailing source of encouragement and inspiration to workers in the most diverse fields of social reform. His is a combination of mind and spirit such as comes but once or twice in a generation. It is a pleasure to turn from the doings of lesser men to pay tribute to one who has lived completely as a part of this twentieth-century America of ours, appreciating to the full all that is good in it, yet never for a moment overwhelmed by the rush of that which will not last. As the most appropriate contribution that it can make to this celebration, *The Nation* will publish in its next issue a critical evaluation of Professor Dewey's philosophy.

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Stresemann

THE death of Gustav Stresemann is a misfortune which reaches beyond the boundaries of the country whose Chancellor and Foreign Minister he had been, on and off, since 1923. For Herr Stresemann will go down in history as one of the foremost statesmen of the post-war period, one who rendered service of profound value to Europe as well as to Germany. It is not surprising that Prime Minister MacDonald was reported as being deeply shocked when the news came to him on the Berengaria. In the work of preparation for Locarno, which MacDonald initiated, there was no one who collaborated more warmly than Stresemann or acted as promptly. We have repeatedly expressed our belief that the voluntary and complete German renunciation of Alsace and Lorraine, together with Germany's readiness to give up all idea of revenge for its terrible defeat and its willingness to agree to permanent peace on the Rhine, was one of the greatest acts of statesmanship of modern times. For this the credit belongs to Stresemann. It was he who, taking advantage of the spirit created by MacDonald, initiated the Locarno Pacts. It was he who insisted that Germany enter the League of Nations and achieved that aim. It was he who at a private conference with Aristide Briand brought him to agree to that pact of security and peace between their two countries which should have been signed at least a generation before.

More than all this, Stresemann got his own country to agree to these acts. Everyone who witnessed the bitterness of the early German post-war feeling, or who was in Germany during the days of the cowardly and criminal French invasion of the Ruhr, marveled that Stresemann and Hindenburg could so revolutionize German policy. It is no wonder that on his fiftieth birthday the former was widely acclaimed as the man who had saved Europe from economic warfare and from deliberate preparation for another world disaster. Briand, MacDonald, Stresemann—how different would Europe be today if these men had stuck to the old diplomacy, had talked revenge, had brought into their discussions the recriminations in which the Germans at least might justly have indulged!

Stresemann's own achievements are the more remarkable because they were attained despite a personality and a manner which at first antagonized many who came in contact with him. He seemed to embody some of the unpleasant qualities for which German statesmen have been noted. But the better one knew him the bigger he seemed, and the more attractive—he could be delightful. Certainly he rose steadily in the estimation of those with whom he had to work. If the applause which greeted his first appearance in the League of Nations was given more to his nation than to the man, that was not the case later. He was in wretched health last month and postponed his great speech to gain strength, yet it was profoundly impressive, partly because it went beyond the usual range of foreign ministers into speculative fields. But the Assembly had learned to like the man for himself. It knew that if he at first sought his country's entrance into the League for the advantage which would accrue to Germany, he had become profoundly interested in the League itself and its development. It recognized, too, how greatly he had grown in stature and how deeply he had become intrenched in the regard of men like Ambassador Houghton, Lord D'Abernon, the recent British Ambassador to Berlin, MacDonald, and Briand. If he was aggressive he was also downright, and more than all he could rise above narrow nationalism and see things from the point of view of all Europe.

All of this makes Stresemann's loss to the world great indeed. It is even greater for Germany itself. For he more than anybody else, with occasional vital assistance from Hindenburg, held things together by the power of his personality. The inability of the many German parties to sink party differences in the face of national emergencies, the threat to parliamentary government offered by their mere number, the bitterness of the opposition of the Nationalists and of the Communists—all these have made many people wonder whether the Reichstag itself was not doomed to go the way of legislatures in Spain, Italy, and elsewhere. We wonder where it will be possible to find a successor to Stresemann, someone whose force and persuasiveness will bring the Reichstag to accept, for instance, the Young Plan settlement, who will be able to take the lead in a peaceful Europe as Stresemann did. Germany is no more suffering from an over-supply of great men than are the other countries of the world. It is an open secret that President Hindenburg's great age has made him ready to lay down his office before very long, before the infirmities of the eighties decrease his usefulness and weaken his mental powers. It is difficult to foretell what man or what kind of man will be his successor. There were those who thought that it might be Stresemann. Not that the office would have appealed to one so active and vigorous, but that his delicate health might have made it best for him to take the easier position. While the Nationalist threat to invoke a national referendum for the purpose of rejecting the Young Plan agreement is not yet dangerous, it is undeniable that the man who could best have knocked that foolish proposal on the head is no longer here.

There must, therefore, be deep mourning in liberal and republican circles that Stresemann has had to go at the early age of fifty-one, and that there is in sight at this moment no one of a similarly dominant and brilliant personality. If Germany itself has as a whole recovered so remarkably from the effects of the war, it is undeniable that there is still great and far-reaching suffering in certain classes, that agriculture is in certain sections far from prosperous, and that industry is steadily imperiled by the difficulty of obtaining foreign markets. There are still problems, still financial burdens to appal the ablest of statesmen. Stresemann's successor, when he is found, must be a patriot in the truest sense, he must have a rare ability to cooperate and a detached and profoundly wide vision of the European scene if he is in any way to take the place of the man whose death is today deplored not only by the wisest statesmen but literally by millions of people, in Germany of course, but also throughout the world.

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Mr. Shearer's Tale

THE Senate's inquiry into propaganda by American shipbuilders at the naval limitation conference at Geneva in 1927 was interrupted at a crucial point by the visit of Ramsay MacDonald. At the conclusion of the hearing on October 1, with William B. Shearer still on the witness stand, the investigating committee decided on a temporary recess in order to prevent the possibility of any embarrassing disclosures during the stay of the British Prime Minister. Such caution was perhaps unnecessarily thin-skinned, but there is good reason to believe that the public already has the most important part of the story. The shipbuilders had the first say, and it was a pitiful piece of self-revelation. In fact their performance might aptly be entitled the Shipbuilders' Follies of 1927. Taking their testimony at its face value, the high executives of the three companies involved disclosed themselves as gullible and careless in the extreme. Had Mr. Shearer been able to follow the shipbuilders with a quiet and reasonable story, it would have been convincing even without much documentary proof. But Mr. Shearer turned the follies into a melodrama. His flamboyant exaggerations detracted from the substantial element of truth behind his accusations and are, we fear, going to make it easy for the shipbuilders and other persons involved in the disreputable proceedings to escape with only slight loss of face.

In the last day of the hearing before adjournment, Mr. Shearer described briefly the "amazing secret British document" which he said was signed by Sir William Wiseman, "the chief British spy in America" during the war. The Senate committee decided not to make the document public until it resumed its sessions, and this is just as well for, according to an article in the London *Observer* by S. K. Ratcliffe, a well-known British journalist, the "document" was never anything but a joke. Says Mr. Ratcliffe:

> It is nothing more or less than a lark, a joke, a squib . . . turned out ten years ago by an amusing and unusual Irishman who had done service for England during the war. . . . I suppose that it was planted on Mr. Shearer, but that does not make it any more than a still bigger hoax.

Which merely proves that persons of Mr. Shearer's turn of mind cannot be baited with impunity. They refuse to see a joke if it interferes with their pet notions.

Mr. Shearer did let out one precious morsel, even if not germane to the main issue, on the last day of his testimony. He said that after the shipbuilding companies dropped him William Randolph Hearst gave him $2,000 a month to propagandize against the League of Nations and the World Court. This employment continued until the Senate announced its inquiry, whereupon Mr. Shearer was dropped like a hot potato. Mr. Hearst had been ready enough to use Mr. Shearer—and no questions asked—as long as his personality was clouded in secrecy, but the moment the dogs began to bark an unctuous letter arrived from one of the publisher's managers, cutting Mr. Shearer off the pay-roll and righteously chiding him for not having been more frank in revealing his past.

But all of Mr. Shearer's exaggerations should not blind the public to certain vital facts which are now beyond dispute. Mr. Shearer went to Geneva secretly in the pay of three American shipbuilding companies, and he disseminated propaganda hostile to the success of the conference. This propaganda was more or less supported by at least four of the American naval officers at the conference and was extensively used by some of the American newspaper correspondents. The record of the latter is far from clean. Correspondents who felt that their newspapers were hostile to, or indifferent toward, genuine disarmament found Mr. Shearer's information and interpretations excellent background for their dispatches. It is not credible that they swallowed it whole to the extent of which Mr. Shearer has boasted; newspaper correspondents are not in the habit of swallowing anything whole. But neither is it possible to believe that they checked up all his information in the way that some of them have since insisted that they did. There could not have been either time or facilities for that in the rush of filing daily dispatches. Certain correspondents were ready, like Mr. Hearst, to use Mr. Shearer without asking embarrassing questions. And not the least shameful revelation of the Senate's inquiry is the knowledge that certain of our great newspapers printed dispatches which purported to be news, but were in fact well larded with propaganda paid for by American shipbuilders.

Flexing Down the Tariff

ONCE more has the Senate vindicated its right to be called the one remaining deliberative body in the government of the United States. After a three weeks' debate, some of it of high order, on the so-called flexible provisions of the tariff, it voted by the unexpected majority of 47 to 42 to take away from the President his present power, upon report of the Tariff Commission, to raise or lower duties which failed to "equalize differences in cost of production" here and abroad, and determined to vest in Congress, where it belongs, the responsibility of changing rates. Only last week the President, breaking his long silence on the tariff bill, had demanded that this power be left in his hands "in protection of the public interest." The Senate had already refused to do the President's bidding in connection with the export debenture provision of the Farm Relief Bill and the national origins clause of the Immigration Act. Now for the third time, and on this occasion in a thoroughly good cause, it asserts its prerogative of independent thought and action. Of course the battle must all be fought out again when the bill goes to conference, and as the President will have behind him the sheep of the House, safely shepherded by well-trained protectionist wolves, he may yet get his way just as he did in the export debenture fight. For the present, however, he is beaten, and though his defeat was due in part to factional differences in his own party, yet the better brains and the better argument of the Senate were against him.

The so-called flexible provisions, as we have suffered from them since 1922, are in theory arrant economic nonsense and in practice a dishonest blind enabling a protectionist President to raise rates with supposed scientific sanction. If anybody doubts this sweeping statement, let him read in

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the *Congressional Record* of September 25 Senator La Follette's devastating historical review of the work of the Tariff Commission under the flexible provisions of the Fordney-McCumber Act. With the same passion for an overwhelming array of incontrovertible facts that characterized his father, one of the greatest of American legislators, the Wisconsin Senator showed the silliness of the notion that you can "take the tariff out of politics" simply by the device of a commission. With abundant citation of chapter and verse, he showed how President Harding and notably President Coolidge had debauched and degraded the commission, with the eager connivance of such tools as Commissioner Marvin of Home Market Club fame and Commissioner Glassie of fragrant Louisiana sugar memory. He backed Senator Smoot up against a wall and, with the aid of Senators Couzens and Bratton, forced him to admit an "unethical" attempt to influence the action of the commission in the sugar case by hurling upon it the sugar lobby. He showed that duties had been increased in thirty-two cases under the flexible provision and lowered in only five unimportant ones, including bob-white quail and paint-brush handles. Investigations, he pointed out, had been delayed whenever their outcome threatened to call for a reduction of duty; the log case occupied five years, for example, and the linseed oil case six years and three months. He demonstrated that the valuable work done by the commission before 1922 in gathering and digesting information was largely brought to an end when the commission came to be manipulated under the flexible provisions. "The Tariff Commission's . . . record in the adjustment of tariff duties under the flexible provisions is a disgrace," said the Wisconsin Senator in summary. It is a disgrace to the party in power and to the last two incumbents of the presidency.

In the face of such a record Mr. Hoover has had the temerity to call the flexible provision "one of the most progressive steps taken in tariff-making in all of our history." Instead, it is nonsense in theory and downright dishonesty in practice. Mr. Hoover's whole record in respect to the tariff shows either that he is monumentally ignorant regarding that subject or else that he is playing just the old protectionist game. Let his supporters choose which alternative they will. For ourselves, we rejoice that the Senate has given him this well-deserved drubbing over the flexible provision, and we hope that the bill, if it ever be enacted, will not restore one iota of independent tariff-making power to a high-protectionist executive like Mr. Hoover. We are tired of his masquerading as an economist.

The defeat of the President on the flexible provision indicates the difficult position of the whole tariff bill. The feeble leadership of the Administration forces, the stupidity of Senator Bingham in hiring the assistant to the President of the Connecticut Manufacturers Association as an expert to help in framing the bill (no new practice, by the way), the farmers' festering sense of injustice and the revolt of their representatives in the Senate, the mutterings of outraged consumers—all these and a myriad of other causes threaten trouble for the measure. It is no time for further bourbonism in trade policy, and we hope that every enemy of the bill will hack and gnaw at it until it is, if possible, completely destroyed. It is packed with mischief for the economic welfare of the people of the United States and other countries, and for the friendly international relations that it is essential to build up.

A Neglected Art

EXECUTIONS are no longer public in the United States. Those in charge of the ceremonies usually insist that the reason for this secrecy lies in the brutalizing effect of the spectacle upon those who watch it, but we ourselves have sometimes been inclined to suspect that they were actually more concerned lest the institution of capital punishment should prove unendurable to a civilized society if the rites involved were performed *coram populo*. Also we see no reason why those who believe capital punishment necessary should be permitted to delegate the performance to someone else, and we are heartily in favor of the suggestion once made that the members of a jury which condemns a man to death should be compelled not only to witness the execution but to draw lots for the privilege of springing the trap or throwing the switch which sends the victim to eternity.

Meanwhile we recommend to the attention of all those who believe the gallows to be one of the essential props by which civilization is supported a little book* recently published under the following delightful title: "A Handbook on Hanging. Being a short Introduction to the fine art of Execution, and containing much useful information on Neck-Breaking, Throttling, Strangling, Asphyxiation, Decapitation, and Electrocution; as well as Data and Wrinkles for Hangmen, an account of the late Mr. Berry's method of Killing and a working list of drops; to which is added a Hangman's Ready Reckoner and certain other items of interest. All very Proper to be Read and Kept in every Family."

Hangmen are not usually popular. The society which employs them salves its own conscience by regarding these employees with loathing, and the author of the work at present under discussion cites an English law case in the course of which damages were awarded a gentleman who had been mistaken for an executioner in spite of the plea of the defense that "the executioner is a public official, necessary to the security of the state, and it is no more a libel to describe a man as an executioner than to say that he is a judge." But, as our author points out, the court seems to have been quite illogical, and he has no hesitation in calling to the attention of the public the skill and knowledge necessary to make a really first-rate hangman. He celebrates by name some of the more distinguished practitioners of the art; he recounts many interesting anecdotes of the scaffold; and he presents a table to show just how far a man of a given weight must be dropped if a certain fracture of the neck is to result. No one who has any idea of becoming a candidate for the particular public office to which such things are relevant should fail to study the book, and indeed we feel that it might be read with profit by all those who favor capital punishment and who, therefore, should have some idea of what it involves.

There are passages which lead us to suspect that Mr Duff is ironical—that he does not actually entertain as high an opinion of the noble art of the hangman as he professes to hold.

* "A Handbook on Hanging." By Charles Duff. Hale, Cushman and Flint. $1.50.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

SOME of the punishments inflicted by the prohibitionists are cruel and unusual. Concerning the utility of intoxicating beverages there is room for debate, but when America goes dry completely we have a right to say that we will accept no substitutes. Between the lines of good beer and pure water there lies the No Man's Land of pop and phosphate. I speak as one who finds that water, in moderation, can be most refreshing. There is no sweet content, not even in a carload, but on a hot day it stands next to beer as a beverage to quench the thirst.

But so-called soft drinks corrode the delicate lining of the stomach. They shall not force sarsaparilla down the throat of the American worker or undermine his health with lemon soda. There should be chapters in the school textbooks showing the abdomen before and after it has been exposed to a raspberry flip. My chemical friends inform me that practically all the flavors dispensed at drug-store fountains are synthetic. Men who gulp down peach sodas derived from coal-tar products are in no position to sneer at naive Volstead violators who believe all that they read on the labels of the bootlegger's bottles.

Once upon a time, way back before the war, I went on a party with a man who had pledged himself to reform. In full view of his affrighted and horrified companions he drank sixteen glasses of celery tonic. Not until the seventeenth round was it possible to prevail upon him to give up this vile addiction and return to more normal habits. But by the time he asked for whiskey it was much too late. He was horribly ill the next day and as recently as last week he had not quite recovered. Not even now can he sit down to the traditional table d'hote of the New York restaurant. He always pleads with his host to be allowed to linger outside until the olives and celery have been dispensed with.

A prominent New York clergyman was recently quoted as saying: "Europe's labor has its beer but American labor has twenty-five kinds of soft drinks, many of them rich in milk, and radios, palatial motion-picture houses, automobiles, and restaurants de luxe."

That, I must admit, is a good deal to crowd into any tumbler. I doubt if there is as much as that even in the purest alcohol. But has the good preacher ever undertaken any scientific research into the soft drinks whose virtues he extols? Has he ever sent any samples to the laboratory to be tested? "Rich in milk" is by no means inevitably a recommendation. For the sake of humanity I ask the clergyman to stand some day beside a crowded lunch counter in the downtown district. Here he will see no supermen and women. Frail frames and mottled complexions are all too common among these slaves of the milk shake. Together with the banana split the chocolate milk shake forms one of the most serious threats to the national digestion. One finds no gaiety among the victims of the soft-drink habit. Not even a temporary exhilaration comes to them while they waste their substance in debauches.

Let's make a test. If the clergyman—and I think it was Doctor Reisner—will select some unknown amateur runner I will pick another. At the starting-line of a half-mile race my candidate will drink a glass of beer. Dr. Reisner's man is to take a frosted chocolate with a little nutmeg. At odds of two to one I'll back my man not only to win but to be looking over his shoulder when he finishes. While it is true that strong drink has ruined its thousands, the softer beverages have enervated millions. In such a strenuous pastime as professional baseball the players who let themselves get soft and slow because of excessive devotion to milk shakes are even worse off than those who lean a little to gin or rye. As for coffee, when did alcohol ever begin to work such fearful havoc? I have unfortunately known men who were just a wee bit cranky until the coming of the first cocktail, but a caffeine addict is positively dangerous until he has gulped down his morning poison. Indeed, I've known men to drink one steaming cup after another. Only constitutions of wrought iron can stand such treatment. Even those addicted to strong drink must bow low and cry *"maestro"* in the presence of a coffee virtuoso.

Why do you suppose the average farmer's wife grows old before her time? Hard work is a factor not to be overlooked but a great contributing cause is the excessive use of coffee. Indeed, I strongly suspect that many of the more ardent temperance workers are merely expending a fractious energy created in them by the second and the third cup. Nor is there any rosy period in the day of the coffee addict. Before he gets the murky liquid he is as cross as two bears. After imbibing he is as cross as one. That is about the best that can be expected of him. At no point during the party will he grow jolly and sing "Sweet Adeline."

A minister just back from Norway, where he went for a vacation, says that it is nonsense to talk of temperance in the lands which have attempted less drastic forms of prohibition. Modification, he says, is only a snare and a delusion. In the land of Norway, he says, he saw much drunkenness. In fact, he almost glows about it. The chief diversion of American temperance workers vacationing in Europe seems to be a search for natives crazed with liquor. Next time you meet an Anti-Saloon Leaguer in the streets of Paris, invite him to come with you to see the work of Rodin. This is perfectly safe, for he will refuse. He has no time to waste on statues. Instead he must explore estaminets and all the sidewalk places. At night you'll find him coming home tired but exultant. Possibly he never did see Napoleon's Tomb, but what of that? He spied ten drunks and two of them were women.

And so I was interested in the news report concerning the Rev. Mr. X, who spent both August and September among the fjords. High up in Scandinavia one can watch the midnight sun and mighty forests and shining inlets of the ocean. If Dr. X saw any of these things he appears to have made no comment to his congregation. Instead, the news report of his homecoming sermon merely announced: "He reported seeing much drunkenness in Norway."

I do not wish to carp but the next time the Rev. Mr. X wants a vacation filled with good clean fun I think I can promise him a treat of the same kind nearer home and save him steamer fare.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Coal and Iron Justice

By FRANK BUTLER and ROBERT TAYLOR

Pittsburgh, October 1

PENNSYLVANIA justice had spoken. The courtroom was stunned. The three defendants stood immobile. Counsel were amazed. The widow Barkoski stared. Judge Gray turned white. "Gentlemen of the jury," the clerk droned, "you say you find the defendants not guilty?" "Yes," they chorused. Walter J. Lyster and Harold P. Watts turned and nodded to their mothers. Frank Slapikis heaved a sigh of relief. Tears stole down the cheeks of the widow Barkoski. Judge Gray thanked the jury, and the normal courtroom sounds replaced the hush.

Thus ended what had started out to be the exercise of justice by a sovereign State—the fixing of responsibility for the savage killing of John Barkoski, Allegheny County miner. "This," said Prosecutor Roy T. Clunk when he got his breath, "is the most shocking miscarriage of justice in the history of this or any other county. I am glad the verdict is not on my conscience."

John Barkoski worked at Montour mine No. 9 of the Pittsburgh Coal Company at Santiago. He had rented a farm, which he worked in his off hours. He hoped eventually to leave the mine forever and spend his days peacefully on his farm.

But on February 9, 1929, he stepped into his mother-in-law's home, House No. 210, near the mine, and there fell into the hands of two coal and iron policemen employed by the Pittsburgh Coal Company, Harold Watts and Frank Slapikis. The defense said Barkoski had stabbed Watts. Eyewitnesses for the prosecution said Watts had launched an unprovoked attack on Barkoski. At any rate, Barkoski was delivered to the barracks of the coal and iron police at Imperial with the following injuries: Laceration of the left cheek, five or six head wounds, two broken ribs, and a fractured nose.

Dr. J. M. Patterson, coal company physician, ascertained these injuries and treated them. He testified on the witness stand that he observed Lieutenant Lyster, who was in charge of the police, kicking and beating Barkoski while the miner lay semi-conscious on the floor. Lyster, the physician said, beat Barkoski with a strap, twisted his ears until the man cried aloud, and twisted his broken nose until he lapsed again into unconsciousness. "All this time," testified the seventy-six-year-old doctor, "he seemed to be trying to make him say something. I warned Lyster 'This will have to stop, now, because his condition is serious.'" Dr. Patterson left the barracks after that.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania resumed its testimony through another eye-witness, John Higgins, himself a former coal and iron policeman. "They beat him, they kicked him, they used everything imaginable on him until they took him to the hospital," was the way Higgins summed it up. Lyster, the witness said, beat Barkoski over the chest with a poker. He beat him until the poker bent, then straightened the implement and beat the man again. He stripped the miner to the waist, the better to use a strap. He kicked him until the miner's body rolled over and over on the floor of the barracks. Watts, too, Higgins said, beat Barkoski, kicked him, struck him over the head with knucklers, and while Lyster grilled him for a confession, slapped him on the arms and legs and neck with his blackjack. The miner, Higgins told the jury, was helpless and unable to answer when the Pittsburgh coal officers said: "If you don't admit you stabbed our man, you Hunky ——, we'll kill you."

For more than four hours John Barkoski was in the barracks. He had been examined by Dr. Patterson soon after being brought in. At six in the morning following his night of torture he was taken directly to the Sewickley Valley Hospital. On his arrival there, Dr. Herbert M. Fleming, hospital surgeon, examined him. His report follows:

> He was in a very critical condition, pulseless and unconscious. His left lung was perforated, several ribs were fractured, and he had a possible skull fracture. He was covered with bruises and bleeding from numerous cuts. He was bleeding at the mouth, his eyes were glassy, there was a depression in his head, and the left side of his chest was crushed in. His left lung had evidently collapsed. He was suffering from extreme shock and was on the verge of death, with heart action failing. There was also an injury to the abdomen, accompanied by paralysis of the intestinal tract.

According to the testimony of the defense Watts had been cut by Barkoski and the two grappled. He was forced to strike the miner with his gun. They struggled over hard frozen ground. During this scuffle, the defense maintained, the injuries that killed Barkoski were sustained. There were sweeping denials that any violence had taken place in the barracks, or at any time after Barkoski was arrested. The jury of eleven men and one graying, matronly woman listened attentively to the testimony, but gave no noticeable reaction except that the woman smiled upon the mother of Watts every time their eyes met, and that a young salesman, Juror No. 10, smiled frequently at a comely young woman who sat in the front row with the defendants' relatives. The jury was out for eighteen hours, and on the morning of September 28 brought in their verdict.

At the next court session, two days after the verdict, District Attorney Samuel H. Gardner went before Judge Gray and moved the court to discharge the jury from further service as "incompetent and without moral stamina." Judge Gray, a man of liberal outlook and independent political affiliations, replied:

> Your suggestion is altogether proper. I was never more surprised in my life. It seems to me that nothing less than second-degree verdicts should have been returned against Lyster and Watts, although the evidence may have justified such a verdict for Slapikis. I quite agree with you that the jurors were not competent and were without moral stamina.

Public condemnation of the verdict was universal and violent. A letter denouncing the decision, printed in the Pittsburgh *Press*, was accompanied by an editorial note which ran in part as follows:

> The *Press* is in receipt of many letters similar to the

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above. . . . Their tenor is enough to prove that there is throughout the Pittsburgh district a widespread disgust with the verdict returned, and the fact that the letters were written indicates a condemnation of the entire vicious coal and iron police system.

In a front-page editorial the Scripps-Howard Pittsburgh *Press* said: "The State which so freely commissioned armed guards for private authority cannot escape responsibility for the death of Barkoski, even though a jury says he was not murdered."

The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* called the action of the jury "a miserable travesty on justice," but added that it has served "through the general indignation it has aroused to emphasize one significant point to the lawmakers and other public authorities. The feeling against the private police system that produces such outrages as the one in this case is both wide and deep. It is a feeling that will not abate until the unsound and unjustifiable practice of delegating public authority to private hands is eliminated."

When the fight to abolish the coal police started last February, Governor Fisher admitted the need of reform and pointed to the fact that he had revoked thousands of commissions during his term. Representative Michael A. Musmanno, defender of Sacco and Vanzetti, first proposed a bill to do away with the system entirely and then consented to introduce a bill sponsored by the Governor which proposed no drastic changes. A similar bill was introduced in the Senate by W. D. Mansfield.

Neither measure, however, satisfied the people who sought to wipe out the chief evil of the system—the right of the coal and iron officers to roam at large and enjoy the powers of a policeman of a first-class city. Musmanno succeeded in having his bill amended so as to grant some of the changes demanded. The Mansfield bill remained as it was. It gave the mine guards powers of inestimable value to coal companies in time of strike: the power to place prisoners in their own or any jail without a commitment by a magistrate; the right to be a coal and iron policeman and a peace officer of the Commonwealth at the same time. The only changes proposed were that three citizens of the State—officials of the coal companies not excluded—should indorse each candidate for a commission, and a change in name from Coal and Iron Police to Industrial Police.

The Musmanno measure restricted the activities of the police to the property of the coal company except when guarding pay-rolls; required that all prisoners be committed before magistrates; prohibited the coal policemen from holding other governmental jobs; and limited the applicants to citizens of the United States indorsed by three reputable citizens, only one of whom could be an employee of the hiring coal company.

With the Musmanno bill amended, the public relaxed its vigilance. The coal operators and other industrial interests then began to put in their silent but effective work to preserve the *status quo*. The session of the Assembly was nearing its end when the correspondents of the Pittsburgh newspapers at the capital discovered that the Musmanno bill was being allowed to die in committee and that only superhuman efforts could save it.

A superhuman effort was made. The public, in press and pulpit, voiced the demand of an outraged community that the Musmanno bill be made law. The members of the Senate judiciary committee grew panicky and hastily reported the bill out. Simultaneously, on orders of the political overlords, the Mansfield bill was revived in the House committee. Both measures were passed and the whole matter laid squarely at the Governor's door. He signed the Mansfield bill and hurriedly left the capital on a fishing-trip.

As far as the Governor and the legislature were concerned, then, the system was to be continued with little change, but the public hoped that the court action in the Barkoski case would prove an effective deterrent to coal and iron officers in the future.

With the acquittal of the former employees of the Pittsburgh Coal Company this last hope for immediate relief from oppression in the mining towns has vanished.

The three coal and iron policemen are still to be tried for involuntary manslaughter, indeed. But by this time the public has lost hope. Few expect convictions. Few expect reform. The "industrial policeman" can still swagger down the streets of mining towns, his own boss, his own judge and jury.

Has John Barkoski died in vain?

Murder and the Death Penalty

By E. ROY CALVERT

IN the many discussions now taking place concerning the prevalence of violent crime in the United States, England is often cited as a country where the homicide rate is relatively low—with the natural inference that the adoption of her penal methods would prove an effective remedy for the crime situation here. Such a conclusion ignores the fact that there is considerable difference in important particulars between conditions in the two countries, and that the present crime situation in the United States is in part due to factors absent from English social life. But while England has less murder than the United States, the true ratio of difference is not so great as is commonly believed. In England murder means "wilfully and with malice aforethought taking the life of a person in being and in the King's Peace"; whereas the culpable taking of life without "malice aforethought," as in a motor accident or in an unpremeditated quarrel, is called "manslaughter" and tabulated separately. The most generally accepted method of recording deaths by violence in the United States appears to be to group them all together under the heading of "homicide."

Even when the English manslaughter figures are included in making the comparison, there are several other factors which obscure an accurate conclusion. The ratio of "manslaughters" to "murders" in the United States is obviously greater than in England, since America has more automobiles and more deaths from street accidents. The English statistics are tabulated according to offenses "known to the police," while American figures are most commonly recorded from the verdicts of coroners' juries; and even upon this latter basis, according to many American authorities the cause of death is often ill-defined and there is no absolute uniformity in compiling the records.

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Nevertheless, when every allowance has been made for differences in tabulating the figures, it remains true that murder is at least seven or eight times as common in the United States as in England. Certain factors present in American social life and absent in England undeniably contribute toward this difference. Other things being equal, a new country will tend to have a higher crime rate than an older people who have been molded together for centuries. The English are a relatively homogeneous people whereas the United States, with its high percentage of mixed races living together over extensive industrial areas and with its large colored population, is probably one of the most heterogeneous combinations in the world In some measure the present crime situation may be a phase of American life which will pass with the growth of tradition, the development of law, and the formation of common customs and habits. And undoubtedly the crime situation in the United States is at present aggravated by the facility with which firearms can be obtained and the frequency with which they are carried. Of the total homicides in the registration area of the United States reported by the Census Office in 1921, no less than 72.1 per cent were caused by firearms, whereas in England in 1920 only 6.3 per cent were attributed to this cause.

But it is to the treatment of homicide in the two countries that the student should turn. England is often cited in America as a country whose low homicide rate is due to capital punishment. It is difficult to understand the force of this contention, since America has capital punishment, too. Each year over a hundred persons are executed in America, compared with fourteen in England and Wales —three or four times as many in proportion to population. In America, it is true, the proportion of persons executed to the number of indictments for murder is less than in England, but of the persons actually sentenced to death a higher percentage is executed. On these facts it is absurd to attribute the low homicide rate in England to the death penalty. Moreover, the experience of Maine, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Rhode Island—all abolitionist States—proves that a community can be as effectively protected from murder without capital punishment as with it. The vital difference between the treatment of murder in the two countries lies not in the nature of the penalty, but in the frequency of infliction. The efficacy of any punishment as a deterrent is determined by its certainty, and not by its severity. Most penologists agree that it is the higher percentage of convictions in England which is largely responsible for her much lower murder rate as compared with that of the United States. In 1922 the British Home Office issued a detailed analysis of the murder figures over a four-year period showing that of the 390 cases of supposed murder known to the police (excluding infanticide of children under one year by mothers, and deaths from illegal operations) in 288 cases arrests were made involving 313 persons and in eighty-three of the remaining cases the supposed murderer committed suicide. Of the 313 persons arrested, seventy-six were sent to insane asylums as guilty but insane. Seventy-four were convicted of lesser offenses such as manslaughter, and five were extradited or dealt with in other ways. Of the remainder, ninety-four were sentenced to death, of whom fifty-five were executed and thirty-nine had their sentences commuted to life imprisonment; only sixty-four persons were discharged.

During the period 1912-19 in the States of New Hampshire, New York, Indiana, Vermont, Virginia, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, California, Kentucky, Connecticut, and Utah there occurred 19,777 homicides, but of the murderers only 475 were sentenced to death, of whom 349 were executed. Although for the various reasons already given these figures in the two countries are not comparable, they are sufficiently suggestive.

A study of the motives or causes of murder in the two countries also reveals striking differences. In an official analysis covering all the convicted murderers in England over a thirty-year period it has been shown that 29 per cent of the murders were due to drink, quarrels, and violent rage, 30 per cent to jealousy, intrigue, and revenge, 10 per cent to extreme poverty and sexual passion, and less than 10 per cent to robbery or other mercenary motives. Nine out of every ten murders in England are committed by men, and two out of every three persons murdered are women; of the women murdered by men, 42 per cent are their wives and 38 per cent their mistresses or sweethearts. Murder has become in England a crime which is nearly always committed without a rational consideration of consequences, either under the domination of violent passion, or in certain cases by abnormal people like most poisoners, with such an unbalanced sense of their ability to escape detection as not to consider the result of discovery. "Hold-ups" and murders for robbery in England are very rare, because the chances of discovery, conviction, and punishment have become too great.

In the United States, less than 20 per cent of the homicidal deaths recorded in the registration area in 1921 were women—a clear indication of the different nature of the crime as compared with England. On the other hand, unfortunately, murders for robbery and resulting from "hold-ups" are by no means infrequent in America. Such crimes are not of a passionate nature; nor are they committed by persons, like the poisoner type referred to, with an unbalanced sense of security from detection. They have a definitely premeditative element, and the degree of certainty with which they are detected and punished will have a direct influence upon their frequency. Such crimes will only be reduced when, by a solution of the police difficulties in many areas and by the perfecting of the administration of justice, the ratio of convictions to crimes is sufficiently high to make them not worth while.

It is here that capital punishment defeats the purpose of those who inflict it. Capital punishment in a modern state always militates against certainty of conviction. The death penalty is so horrible and the danger of inflicting an irrevocable punishment upon an innocent person so real, that, in those countries which retain it, juries hesitate to convict and often return verdicts contrary to the evidence. In the opinion of the present writer, the abolition of capital punishment and the substitution of a penalty which eliminated sentiment and commanded a greater measure of public support would do much to increase that certainty of conviction upon which the reduction in violent crime depends. This is true even in England where chances of conviction are relatively high for the reasons given, in spite of capital punishment. It is significant in this connection that the American States with most deaths by violence are the very ones which retain the death penalty. There is actually a case on record where two brothers planned a murder in Rhode Island

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(where the death penalty is abolished) but waited until their victim got into Massachusetts and murdered him there as they thought conviction would be less certain.

One further factor should not be omitted from our consideration. Evidence is accumulated in England that capital punishment actually incites to violent crime. The sight of a man fighting for his life against the whole forces of the state stimulates an unhealthy sensationalism which often invests the vilest criminal with a sort of romantic halo and even leads to imitative crime. Newspapers are encouraged by the dramatic interest aroused to give the utmost publicity to all the sordid details connected with the crime and trial, and people of weak mentality or inadequate self-control are thus enabled to brood upon the details of horrible crimes with a real danger of imitating them. The abolition of capital punishment, by checking this unhealthy sensationalism, would undoubtedly lead to a diminution in crimes of this character.

The abolition of the death penalty in England is not far distant. In her last Parliament, an abolitionist measure passed its first reading, and the present British House of Commons is known to contain an abolitionist majority. As the whole treatment of crime is raised to the level of scientific discussion, and ignorance and sentiment are eliminated, capital punishment will be seen to be an anachronism which reason, science, and humanity alike condemn. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Queensland, and abolitionist States in the American Union have combined to show that a community can be protected as well without capital punishment as with it. The present writer would indorse the view of the many American penologists who regard its passing as a step toward that effective administration of justice upon which the solution of the problem undoubtedly depends.

The Blue Shirt

By JESSE O. THOMAS

ON September 28, William Parker was shot and killed in Jacksonville, Florida. Parker was the founder of an organization called The Blue Shirt (Chamber of Commerce of the White Working Class). This organization publishes a weekly paper also called the *Blue Shirt*. The printing office is said to be in Aurora, Missouri; the editorial and business office, at 14 Church Street, Jacksonville, Florida. Parker was its editor.

Parker's first appearance in Jacksonville was in the role of a great friend of the Negro, whom he had come to help get his case before the bar of public opinion. He proposed to publish a newspaper called the *Southern Republican,* and is alleged to have secured from Negroes subscriptions of some three thousand dollars toward this laudable enterprise. Only a few issues of the *Southern Republican* came off the press, and then the promoter disappeared. After a brief conspicuous absence from Jacksonville and an unexplained silence so far as the Negro was concerned, Mr. Parker returned to Jacksonville in the role of Mr. Hyde rather than Dr. Jekyll. He was no longer the Negro's friend and the advocate of justice and fair dealing. He appeared to have had a complete change of heart.

No single influence has contributed more toward racial friction, suspicion, restlessness, discontent, and intolerance in Jacksonville than the propaganda carried on through the Blue Shirt for many years. In the issue of the *Blue Shirt* for June 8 under the caption The Nigger, the editor writes:

> Two policemen were killed in Jacksonville a few weeks ago by a nigger and one policeman was killed in St. Petersburg by a nigger. Are we whites going to sit by and let this dreadful crime go on and on, or are we going to take steps to stop it? This paper is determined to put a stop to this black crime wave no matter what it costs. The first thing to do is for the city or State government to pass a law for every nigger home to be searched and guns of all sorts confiscated; this can be done if our lawmakers will give us the law and authority and after this is done any nigger found with any gun on his person should get a life sentence of hard labor. If this is not done soon, if our lawmakers don't take charge of this brute, in time a long-suffering public will rise in their might and smite and smite hard.

In the same paper, replying to a letter written by an insurance company carrying Negro risks which had asked Mr. Parker to "soft pedal" the Negro question because many of its policy-holders had lost their jobs as a result of the efforts of Mr. Parker and his Blue Shirt movement and therefore could not pay their premiums, Mr. Parker made the following statement:

> I just wish to say that I do not know the meaning of the word soft pedal. I cut it out of my dictionary years ago when real questions had to be solved. I do not blame you for being anxious about your business interests, for if you are insuring a big lot of niggers when this race war starts you may lose your business. . . .

In the issue of June 22, under the caption Disfranchise the Nigger, the editor says: "The hour has struck when we must call every white man to the colors. Disfranchise the nigger."

One aspect of the propaganda is the intimidation of white men who employ Negroes and refuse to turn them off upon request of the organization so as to employ white people in their places.

There is a barber-shop managed by Negroes that serves white people, concerning which the *Blue Shirt* had to say:

> Sometimes when you are downtown take a few steps from Main Street on Bay Street, in fact, to the nigger barber-shop, and see how many of our mothers, wives, and daughters are in there having niggers bobbing their hair and otherwise beautifying them, and then get a report on these niggers' health from the State Health Board.

From an editorial headed Contractors, in the issue of the *Blue Shirt* for May 18, I quote:

> A fellow by the name of Jackson came here to Jacksonville from Texas to build oil tanks for the Pan-Am Petroleum Company.
>
> This man hires only white men and pays not less than fifty cents an hour. We take off our hats to a man like him.
>
> Just compare him with WALTER J. BRYSON, nigger lover at twenty-five cents an hour, who gets most of the contracts from the city of Jacksonville.
>
> Now business men wake up and demand that the city give contracts to real honest-to-God white men and pay white men's wages.

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Remember if a man only gets twenty-five cents an hour he can only spend twenty-five cents an hour; if he gets fifty cents he will spend the fifty cents and you get the benefit of the difference.

Another company from St. Louis who are building an underground telephone system for the Bell Telephone Company hires only white men and pays better than WALTER J. BRYSON.

LET US TAKE AWAY THE JOBS FROM BRYSON AND GIVE HIM NO MORE.

Needless to say, a great deal of the replacement of Negro by white labor is not a question of the inefficiency of the Negro or a question of unsatisfactory service, or even the result of the personal attitude of the employer. If the employer fails to turn off Negroes, he is published in the *Blue Shirt* as a "nigger lover," his name and the location of his business being given.

Needless to say, such action is not approved by the better element of the white population in Jacksonville, but only one paper, the *American,* has come out against this unwholesome publication, which seems bent on creating a race riot.

According to its editor, the *Blue Shirt* is being circulated in some thirty-eight States. It is reasonable to suppose that the seed of discord sown as the result of the activities of this organization will find a fertile field in the imagination of that class of white persons throughout the nation which is in close competition with the Negro for economic existence. Unhappily it is calculated to do much mischief in the field of race relations.

In the Driftway

THE good resolutions of the Treasury Department not to grant favors in the examination of baggage to persons with a pull when returning from abroad have petered out already. These resolutions were made last spring in consequence of the hubbub over Representative Morgan, who brought some suspicious looking bottles into the country under the privilege of "free entry." But we live in a democracy, which seems to be a form of government under which it is impossible to enforce laws equally. In a country in which there are no "lords" and not even any "sirs," it seems necessary to grant special favors to bigwigs, or otherwise nobody would know they were anything but common people. So the Treasury Department has reestablished the old graft. When returning from official trips (which include almost everything) "high government officials" (that is, all with any pull) may obtain "free entry." That means that their belongings come in without custom duties and without examination, liquor and all. When, for some strange reason, "high government officials" cannot claim to have been abroad on public business, they may ask for an "I. A." order, by which their baggage receives "immediate attention." This saves them delay, but theoretically does not free their baggage from inspection or customs duties. Practically, though, it often has the same effect as "free entry." Unofficial travelers, the Treasury Department announces gravely, can receive an order for "immediate attention" only in cases of "imperative emergency." Pure poppycock, of course. They will receive such privileges, quite apart from any necessity, whenever they have sufficient pull. Of course no self-respecting person should ask for or accept these favors any more than any honest government should grant them. Everybody from the Drifter down to President Hoover should go through the same mill. But it is hard to resist that kind of graft. Probably if the Drifter were offered an "I. A." he would say with a shrug of the shoulders: "Oh, well, everybody else is getting them. I might as well put my feet in the trough too."

* * * * *

THE Drifter's recent remarks on dedications move a colleague to recall an inscription which Francis Hackett is said to have threatened to put in one of his volumes: "To Signe Toksvig, my wife, whose unfailing lack of interest in this book has been my constant desperation." And Henry S. Beckwith sends in this note:

> Having read your article on book dedications in *The Nation* for September 18, I take this opportunity to acquaint you with one which I think both apt and interesting. I refer to the dedication of Liam O'Flaherty's "The Assassin," and I am of the opinion that if the truth were known, it would be found that this is the real dedication of most books. The dedication of this particular book is "To My Creditors."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Dewey Anniversary

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The seventieth birthday anniversary of Professor John Dewey will be celebrated by an institute at which speakers of national standing will deliver addresses on the contributions to thought and progress which Professor Dewey has made in more than forty years of productive scholarship and public discussion in education, in philosophy, and in general social welfare.

The first program will be given on Friday evening, October 18, in the auditorium of the Horace Mann School, 120th Street and Broadway, New York. The topic will be "John Dewey in Education." Addresses will be given by Professor Ernest C. Moore, Director of the University of California at Los Angeles, by Professor Jesse H. Newlon, Director of the Lincoln School, New York, and by Professor I. L. Kandel of Teachers College, Columbia University. Dr. Frank P. Graves, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, will preside.

The second program, on Saturday morning, October 19, at 10 o'clock, in Room 301, Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York, will be devoted to "The Philosophy of John Dewey," with addresses by Professor George H. Mead of the University of Chicago, and by Professor Herbert W. Schneider of Columbia University. Professor Ralph M. Perry of Harvard University will preside. On Saturday, October 19, at a luncheon at 1 o'clock in the Hotel Astor, New York, the general subject will be "John Dewey in Social Progress." Miss Jane Addams and Professor James Harvey Robinson will speak. President James Rowland Angell of Yale University will preside. The cost of the luncheon will be $2.50; admission to the other meetings will be free.

New York, October 3 HENRY R. LINVILLE,
Secretary of the Executive Committee of the
National Committee to Honor John Dewey
Room 1214, 70 Fifth Avenue

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For Newark Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will those readers of *The Nation* in the City of Newark and its vicinity who are interested in forming a Nation Club communicate with the undersigned at 164 Market Street, Newark, N. J., giving their names and addresses.

Newark, N. J., September 23 Julius H. Halprin

Hollywood Post Mortem

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Actors' Equity struggle in Hollywood is over—but only temporarily. Equity did not win any of its demands. All Equity actors are free to accept non-Equity contracts for the first time since June 5. Approximately $50,000 were spent by Equity during the conflict. Membership increased threefold. Meetings were held with an attendance averaging more than 3,000. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Why then has this magnificent attempt failed?

First of all, because of the lack of practical support from the American Federation of Labor. It was assumed—and not without a semblance of reason—that the federation had virtually promised such support, for telegrams and letters from President Green and other officials were received pledging heartiest cooperation. But when the moment arrived and wholehearted support was imperative, there was none. A few thousand dollars given by the local musicians' union and several other organizations, renewed pledges of "moral" support from various sources, half a dozen labor orators, a number of letters sent out by the Central Labor Council of Los Angeles asking fellow-unionists to blacklist unfair actors—that was all. The unions concerned in studio work, regardless of their common membership in the American Federation of Labor to which Equity also belongs, gave as their alibi their prior obligations to the producers which, they said, made any genuinely sympathetic gesture on their part impossible. Without labor's support the fight of 1919 in New York would have been lost; and from the beginning it was obvious that the Hollywood battle could not be won without the active participation of at least other organized studio workers.

Second, the fight was waged with too great a regard for decorum and gentility. Mr. Gillmore whose sincerity cannot be questioned never missed an opportunity of insisting that the battle must be fought in a dignified manner. Unfortunately, labor battles are seldom won by such methods, especially battles directed against Wall Street and Hollywood potentates.

Third, respect for legality as such. The essential incongruity of having high-salaried Equity players, those under contract, working every day while their less fortunate brethren—the bit, the small-part player, and the extra people—were on strike was apparent to every one. The entire onus of the fight was borne by the very actors who could least afford it.

When Equity stages a come-back in Hollywood—and it is inevitable that she will because the necessity exists for a powerful actors' organization—let us hope she will come attired like an Amazon, in complete battle array instead of evening dress, and that behind her own forces, staunch to the very last, will be the armies of her fellow-craftsmen.

Hollywood, California, September 3 Somerset Logan

***The Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.**
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October 14—Henry Raymond Mussey

Drama

Holiday

THE gentlemen of the daily press were not favorably disposed toward Elmer Rice's comedy "See Naples and Die" which is now playing at the Vanderbilt just opposite his "Street Scene." Indeed they were rather grumpy about it, and Mr. Allen of *Women's Wear* is alleged to have expressed the sentiments of all of them by remarking: "For months Rice worked to win the Pulitzer prize on one side of the street and now he goes and loses it on the other." But though I feel it my duty to confess that opinion seems heavily against me, candor compels me to add that I was myself very agreeably diverted. Perhaps the author is rather cavalier with his audience. "See Naples and Die" is not even a "well-made" farce. But carelessly written though it is, I found contagious the pleasure which Mr. Rice obviously took in composing it, and I see no reason why one should gravely object to the improbability of a plot which was never intended to be probable.

The piece was conceived, so I am told, while the author was spending a holiday on the scene where the action is supposed to take place. There, as everyone knows, the beneficence of the climate permits human beings to be more extravagantly absurd than in regions where nature requires that we be occasionally reasonable and moderately efficient if we want to live. The sun is agreeable, the wine is light but stimulating, and Mr. Rice must have felt a wholly understandable desire to bottle up for home consumption some of the gay effervescence of this mad little land where *bel canto* is periodically interrupted by the braying of donkeys and where even Fascists find it difficult to lower. Hence he hastily concocted an extravagant plot which doubtless seemed hardly less improbable than the landscape of southern Italy and he made it the vehicle for the exploitation of what Ben Jonson's contemporaries would have called "The Humours of Naples."

There is an innkeeper who spends the afternoon "sleeping off the effects of his morning nap" and who arouses himself only to express in song the emotions generated when he has kissed the chambermaid. There is an Englishman worried because of the prevalent "lack of moral sense" in the inhabitants, and there is a nice lady from the Middle West who hopes that the Russian prince "has heard about our American boy, Charlie Lindbergh." Add to these the Bulgarian general (known, according to one's politics, as either "the butcher of Transylvania" or "the savior of the Balkans"), and one will have the chief dramatis personae except for the wisecracking American youth and his flapper fiancee who are responsible for the plot. As to this last it really doesn't matter. However, if anyone is interested he may be informed that the flapper has unfortunately got herself married to the prince but that all is satisfactorily arranged when two chess-players, absorbed in their game through almost the entire action of the piece, suddenly reveal themselves as a pair of Balkan patriots and obligingly shoot the prince while aiming at the general.

Now, obviously, such a play is not likely to win another Pulitzer prize or contribute much to advance the American drama. It may further be added that a good deal of the dialogue does not look particularly brilliant when set down in cold type. Indeed, the bit contributed by the youth who remarks, while sipping a lukewarm drink, upon the strange fact that "there is no ice in the country which has supplied ice-men to all the world" is a not unfair sample. Perhaps to enjoy the play fully one should be recently returned from the South and have the atmosphere still in one's lungs. And yet,

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despite all the evidence which I have adduced against myself, I must repeat: "See Naples and Die" amused me.

Among the numerous other recent plays, first mention should probably be given to "Many Waters" (Maxine Elliott's Theater), a substantial and well-acted if somewhat sentimental play brought from England. It tells the life-story of two people who have just been dismissed by two acquaintances as hopelessly ordinary.

"Mountain Fury" (President Theater) is a moderately successful drama of the feudists. Nearly all the other recent offerings include at least one murder as part of the evening's entertainment. Among them "Subway Express" stands out because of the novelty of the setting and the ingenuity of the effects designed to give a realistic picture of the subway train in motion. "Scotland Yard" (Harris Theater) is also rather exciting.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

FRANK BUTLER and ROBERT TAYLOR are on the staff of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette.*

E. ROY CALVERT is a distinguished British penologist and author of "Capital Punishment in the Twentieth Century."

JESSE O. THOMAS is Southern field director of the National Urban League for Social Work Among Negroes.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN, English journalist, attended the Zionist Congress recently held in Zurich.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

MARK VAN DOREN is author of "Now the Sky and Other Poems," and editor of "An Anthology of World Poetry."

MAURICE MURPHY has made a special study of the writings and critical discussions of James Joyce.

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ALBERT JAY NOCK is co-author with C. R. Wilson of "Francis Rabelais: The Man and His Work," to appear this fall.

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Dec. 1: Havelock Ellis on Our Changing Morals
Dec. 8: Anatole France and Aesthetic Cynicism
Dec. 15: Einstein and the Death of Scientific Orthodoxy
Dec. 22: America's Coming of Age (André Siegfried)
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SUNDAY, 7:45 P. M. SPEAKERS SUBJECT

Oct. 6: Hon. Roland D. Sawyer "Beauty, Truth and Goodness."
Dr. G. F. Beck
Dr. S. D. Schmalhausen
Oct. 13: Edmund B. Chaffee—"The Social Hope of the Ancient World."
Oct. 20: Charles C. Webber—"Class Consciousness—Menace or Promise?"
Oct. 27: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Humanism—A Criticism."
Nov. 3: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Religion and the Materialistic Conception of History."
Malcolm Bird—"Psychical Research and Science."
Nov. 10: Charles C. Webber—"The Fundamental Drives of Life."
Dr. Hannah Stone—"Birth Control."
Nov. 17: Edmund B. Chaffee—*To Be Announced.*
John Haynes Holmes—"The Raging East: Palestine in Terror, India in Revolution, China at War."
Nov. 24: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Man and Machinery."
Dec. 1: Charles C. Webber—"Jesus, the Revolutionist."
Samuel D. Schmalhausen—*Subject to be Announced.*
Dec. 8: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Is Progress an Illusion?"
Dr. G. F. Beck—*Subject to be Announced.*
Dec. 15: Edmund B. Chaffee—"The Religious and Philosophical Basis of Free Speech."
Mrs. B. S. Papazian—"Woman and the Modern World."
Dec. 22: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Has Christmas a Meaning for Radicals?"
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PROGRAM
Dec. 29: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Spengler's Second Volume."

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International Relations Section

Myths in Palestine

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, September 12

TWO myths are largely responsible for the recent anti-Jewish outbreak in Palestine: one religious, the other political. One concerns the sanctity of the so-called Wailing Wall; the other, the existence of the Jewish National Home in Palestine. Neither of them has the slightest foundation in the realities of Jewish life in Palestine.

That the Wailing Wall should have become the center of the controversy in Palestine is one of the greatest ironies of fate. Modern Jews are, as a people, probably the most advanced in religious thought, and are less than any other people in the world dominated by church dogmas. Zionism, it is true, has somewhat revived old religious dogmas by giving them a new Nationalistic luster, but even at that, most of the young Zionist pioneers going out to Palestine are Socialists and freethinkers, and do not care a hang about a few old stones in a dirty Arab alley in Jerusalem. Even the orthodox rabbis are not pleased with the attempt at the deification of the Wall. They rightly contend that this is but another form of idolatry, which the Jewish religion has opposed for centuries, and is strictly prohibited by sacred law. In fact, the entire controversy smacks so much of medievalism that no section of Jewish society except some fanatics from Eastern Galicia, living in an atmosphere of the fifteenth century, or some equally fanatic militant Zionist revisionists takes it seriously. Yet this legend of a Jewish Most Holy Place obscures the entire Palestine situation, distorts the Jewish side of the question, and is very likely to bring much mischief in the future.

Still graver is the danger emanating from the other myth, that of the Jewish National Home, for this is a more modern figment in which the entire non-Jewish and even part of the Jewish world still believes. If the latest tragedy in Palestine accomplishes nothing else, it ought at least to prick the bubble of this illusion.

During the past few years Jewish public opinion the world over has been grievously disappointed to find that the Balfour Declaration has been relegated to the museum for famous scraps of paper and that the Jewish National Home is but a fiction.

This disappointment has long since passed the stage of vague dissatisfaction and general displeasure with government action which a restless people like the Eastern Jews are always bound to experience. The Jewish grievances about the National Home have been quite definitely formulated and stated. Of late, Jewish newspapers the world over have published long lists of specific wrongs committed against the "Yishub," i.e., the Jewish settlement in Palestine, and these wrongs have been the subject of several Zionist world congresses. The last Congress, which took place at Zurich in August, passed almost entirely in the shadow which these grievances and disappointments have cast upon the Zionist movement.

The specific grievances which have led the Jews to their present doubts about the National Home in Palestine can be grouped under the following headings:

1. The British land policy in Palestine. This policy has been to distribute whatever free crown land there was in Palestine to the Arabs only. The Jews have not received an inch of free land for colonization purposes. They have had to buy, and pay dearly for, every acre that they are cultivating. Even if Palestine was not to be a Jewish National Homeland, the Palestine Jews were entitled to one-fifth of the free land. They received nothing.

2. The immigration policy. Jewish immigration into Palestine is restricted more than into the United States under the quota. Not only are Jews kept out of their National Home, but they are being deported just as other aliens if their political behavior or opinions do not happen to be approved by the administration.

3. The system of unequal taxation under which the Jews pay practically all the taxes of the country.

4. The failure of the administration to employ Jews on public works in Palestine.

5. The failure of the Palestine administration to subsidize sufficiently the Jewish educational and health institutions. Although the Jews are the heaviest taxpayers in Palestine, they are in addition called upon to support largely their own schools, hospitals, and clinics.

6. The failure to engage Jews proportionately in the police and in the military defense of the country. The proportion of Jews in defense forces is far below the proportion of their population.

7. Above all, the supercilious, snobbish, and even downright anti-Semitic treatment which the Jewish population receives from the British officials of the Palestine administration. In their National Home Jews are being treated as if they were natives of some East-African colony—a treatment to which Jews are not at all accustomed. For even in the lands of their worst persecution the Jews were only hated. They were seldom looked down upon.

These complaints have even reached the House of Commons. In a debate last April Commander Kenworthy said:

> For some nine years the Conservative Party have been hostile to the declared policy of successive British governments in Palestine. . . . The flower of the Conservative Party was anti-Semitic with regard to Palestine.—*Hansard,* April 20, 1929.

In the course of the same debate Colonel Wedgwood said:

> No one could conceive a more unjust taxation than prevails in that country (Palestine) today. It is directed directly against the Jews. . . . The Jews have to pay ten times more on their property than other people pay on similar properties. . . . The Jews pay nearly all the taxation at present. . . . The land in Palestine is locked up. At the present time the effendis own hundreds of thousands of acres of land, and keep it idle. They do not use it; they pay no taxes whatever, and charge the unfortunate Jewish settlers £20 an acre for absolutely raw land that I could get in South Africa for £1 an acre. . . . The Zionist organization pays for the education of the Jews, the immigration of the Jews, research stations, buys the land, and does all the colonization work which in normal countries is done by the government, and the British officials regard the care of the

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> Jews, the development of their settlements, their education, and their health as matters which do not concern the government. . . . If you look through the last report on the Palestinian administration, and for 1927, you will find long descriptions of the excellent work done by the British administrators in regard to health, education, research, and so on—all done for the Arabs. There is not one word of what they have done for the Jews.—*Hansard,* April 30, 1929.

This was said in the House of Commons. The Zionist Congress at Zurich heard complaints more pitiful: "It was easier for a Jew to get into Moscow under the Czars than it is for him to get into the Jewish National Home now." The veteran Zionist leader, M. M. Ussishkin, made a plea, not that the Jews, like the Arabs, should be given free crown land in Palestine, but that the government should at least regulate the speculative prices which the Jews are being charged for this land. The employment of Jews on public works in Palestine was graphically illustrated by the report of the Zionist-Socialists, that on July 15 four Jewish workmen were engaged on the construction of new Haifa harbor. There were 400 Arabs working on the same job at that time.

Loudest of all, and directly prophetic of the coming tragedy, were the complaints voiced at the congress concerning the defense of the Jewish National Home. Jerusalem, which has a population 60 per cent Jewish, had only a dozen Jewish policemen. The Trans-Jordan force, which is designed to protect Palestine from invasions of Bedouin Arabs across the frontier, has 677 Arabs and 27 Jews. And this after the English troops had for reasons of economy been removed from the country, though the Jews had repeatedly warned the authorities of the coming danger and had begged for protection.

The plain facts of the case show not only that the Balfour Declaration has not given the Jews any special privileges in Palestine, but that its existence has decidedly prejudiced the minds, not only of the Arab leaders, but also of the British officials, against the Jews.

Nor can it be said that the Palestine administration was the only one guilty of such an attitude. It is possible that a friendly Jewish National Home at a strategic point in the Near East would serve well the interests of Great Britain if it were already in existence. But such a home is not there yet, and the establishment of one seems to clash with the larger imperial British interests. To Great Britain Palestine must always remain a part of the greater Arab and Mohammedan world which she cannot afford to antagonize for the sake of the Jews or of some future benefit from a Jewish National Home. In her dealings with Jew and Arab, England will necessarily incline to favor the Arab, not the Jew. To quote Commander Kenworthy, speaking in the British House of Commons, the Balfour Declaration has, during the last ten years, given the Jews the privilege of

> raising £10,000,000 in hard cash, and put it into our Mandated territory (also to) pick their finest of the young men and girls in teens and early twenties, physically strong, well educated, to go out as pioneers to drain the swamps, build the roads, cultivate the country, and transform the whole face of the Mandated area.—*Hansard,* April 30, 1929.

Such "privileges" the Jews would doubtless get without a Declaration and without the promise of a National Home, anywhere in the world where there is waste land to be cultivated. In Russia, where the Jews had no decorative promise of a National Home, 23,000 Jewish families have been settled on the land in the last five years, and they have received from the government about a million acres of free fertile land in southern Russia and Crimea, apart from almost seven million acres in eastern Siberia.

To assume, then, that the special privileges which the Jews received because of the National Home led to the catastrophe in Palestine is to make the greatest error in the evaluation of this sorry business. All evidence on hand now shows that this was not a spontaneous outburst of the Arab people, but a well-organized plot carefully planned by Arab politicians and by the reactionary Supreme Moslem Council, who used a glittering, meaningless political myth, as they used a similar religious pretext, to incite a fanatical Eastern populace against the introduction of Western civilization in general and against British rule in particular. The Palestine administration with its superciliousness and ill-disguised anti-Jewish attitude has unwittingly or knowingly aided and abetted this agitation, and has emboldened these people to do things which they would never have dared to do had they known that they would meet with a resolute opposition on the part of the government.

Unfortunately, even a certain section of the Zionists unwittingly played into the hands of these plotters with their naive blabber about a Jewish state, a Jewish majority, and other phrases deduced from the Balfour Declaration. In general the Zionist policy of identifying Zionism with the imperial British interests and of relying almost exclusively upon British troops for protection has been a great mistake. Imperial interests are very fickle, and in the twentieth century new colonization enterprises are not conducted with the aid of garrisons. Nor is it at all necessary for the Jews in Palestine to have recourse to force, British or any other. Their movement is one of peace so obviously in the interest of the native population that it can well afford to appeal to the Arab people even above the heads of their reactionary leaders. The Arab population in Palestine has admittedly gained much from Jewish immigration into Palestine. The Jews have not taken away Arab land. They have colonized desert country at their own expense; they have built colonies and cities; they have drained marshes, introduced sanitation, built roads, started to electrify the country; have begun industry, and established hospitals, clinics, and schools of learning open to all. All this has had a directly beneficial effect on the health, culture, and standard of living of the Arabs. Arab mortality has gone down; the Arab birth-rate has gone up. Palestine has progressed more in the last ten years since the war, as a result of Jewish immigration, than for centuries before. With a record of this kind why should the Jews not have turned to the Arabs for an alliance instead of antagonizing them for the sake of meaningless, glittering myths which yield nothing to themselves, prejudice the minds of many people against them as against lackeys of imperialism, displease even those whose policy they seem to serve, and convert a highly constructive, humanitarian movement into one of politics and religious prejudices? The obvious lesson of the tragedy is that not only the Palestine administration, but Zionism too needs to revise its policy to a considerable extent if catastrophes of this kind are to be avoided in the future.

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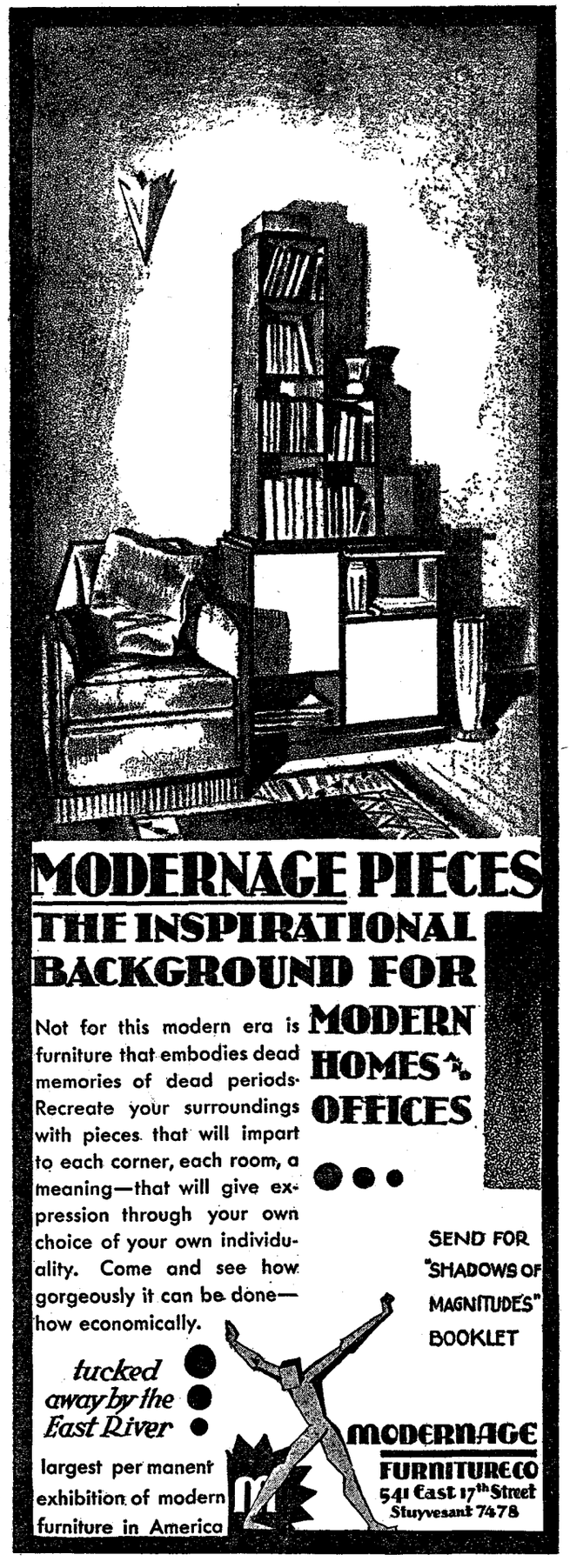
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Of *The Nation*, published weekly, Wednesday at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1929.

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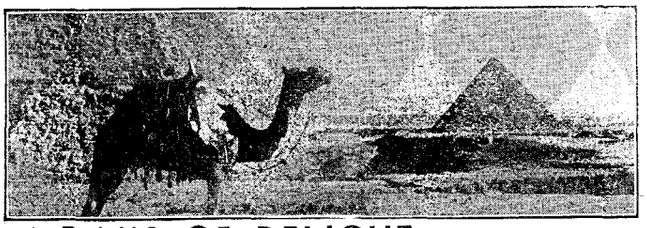

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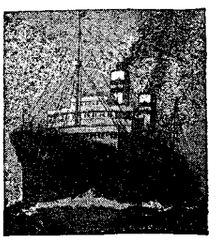

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A HENRY ADAMS, appalled by the Second Law of Thermodynamics, may ask how a professor like himself can honestly avoid beginning his annual course with the announcement that the year's work will be devoted "to showing in American history 'the universal tendency to the dissipation of energy,' " and he may speculate further on his probable fate in the university should he thus apply to his own subject matter the conclusions freely deduced by the physics department. But most historians and sociologists have been little troubled by the pessimism of specialists in fields other than their own, because the majority of social optimists do not seem to feel the need of any philosophical sanctions for their faith.

The mere fact that the theory of evolution is, superficially at least, optimistic has led them to certain perfunctory references to biology, but they have not generally troubled to consider the contradictory theory of "increasing entropy"—so disturbing to Adams because fundamental in orthodox physics; and they have not generally bothered their heads with any questions concerning the possibly disintegrating processes going on in the personality of the civilized man. Whether radical or conservative they have, in a word, been inclined to assume that the future of humanity presents no problem except that of social organization.

Yet it is surely obvious enough that the criticism of both the physicist and the psychologist is relevant; and even if we dismiss the whole category of doubts which seemed most significant to Adams, there must still remain the question of whether or not there is anything in the nature of the mind and personality of man which renders inevitable his periodic decline. The fact that the movement of the civilizations which he has created has often been retrograde is too patent for anyone to deny. The "rise and fall" of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, of Renaissance Italy, and the rest is a commonplace of elementary textbooks. But is there any satisfactory ground for assuming either that the fundamental cause was some politico-social defect in the organization of the civilization or, if this be assumed, that the defect was one which we can henceforth avoid?

As a matter of fact nearly all social theories, whether idealistic or cynical, are defective because based upon the doubtful assumption that the psychology of man undergoes no important change. They may rest upon the postulate that he is a creature who obeys always the dictates of his self-interest or upon the contradictory postulate that some sort of altruistic concern with the welfare of his family, his nation, and humanity at large may be depended upon to furnish the springs of the conduct upon which the successful functioning of the particular society in which he lives depends. But whether we are concerned with a social theory based upon either of these postulates or with one which assumes that there is in mankind some balance between the two, it is always assumed that we at least know what that balance is; and from Machiavelli to Kropotkin the implication remains that man *is* psychologically some constant quantity. Yet does not the record of the past make it seem very probable that man is nothing of the kind? Is it not pretty clear that the Solomon Islander, the Renaissance soldier of fortune, and the citizen of a contemporary European republic are psychologically so very different that, for instance, the relative importance of self-interest and social feeling in determining their conduct may not be the same?

Once we grant this fact it becomes clear either that we must make the unsupportable assumption that these psychological differences are themselves entirely the result of the different social conditions under which our three specimen types developed, or that we must be prepared to admit that the whole problematic future of the human being depends no more upon what social or economic organization may do to him than it does upon the development of that psyche of his concerning the evolution of which we know so little, but which may not improbably be following some line of development certain to upset any prophesies made by persons content to assume that it will remain just exactly what it now is.

Certain primitive tribes undoubtedly exhibit a tribal solidarity more like the unquestioning devotion of a mammal to its offspring or an ant to its fellows than like any rationalized humanitarianism exhibited by any member of the human family. While Rome was "falling" the decline of the sense of social duty in the citizen was obvious. Perhaps that decline was the cause rather than the result of all the various economic and political phenomena which have, at various times, been described in the effort to account for the fall. Is it possible that the rise of a civilization involves of necessity changes in the psyche which make its decline inevitable? Is it psychology rather than physics or sociology which can tell us what the future of mankind is likely to be?

Attempts to answer such questions as these have been made less often and less seriously than they ought, though it must be confessed that the results of inquiries undertaken to determine the tendency of history have frequently been the occasion of sufficiently gloomy conclusions. None in recent times has attracted more attention than Spengler's, and it is noticeable that most of the attacks upon his work have had at best only a negative effect since they are more concerned with the destruction of his specific conclusions than with the effort to offer an alternative philosophy of history adequate to account for the phenomena with which he is concerned. Sociologists and economists, whether they are aware of the fact or not, are sorely in need of at least some hypothesis concerning the psychological development of mankind. They cannot afford to dismiss the whole question as though man were a changeless abstraction exempt from biological or psychical development. And if they realize their need they will not fail to pay some attention to the theory recently developed by Gerald Heard.

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Mr. Heard* is editor of the English philosophical periodical the *Realist*. He proposes nothing less than the rehabilitation of that idea of progress which has been, during the past fifty years, so persistently criticized, and he has sketched a philosophy of history, highly speculative to be sure, but possessing the enormous advantage of involving the psychological question. For those able to accept it, it will at least serve the purpose of covering their nakedness, and though it asks of the reader something which amounts almost to an act of faith or a will to believe, it is an hypothesis which can help optimists over difficulties likely otherwise to be very puzzling indeed.

Mr. Heard accepts, in part at least, "the rule of phase in history." He calls upon the most advanced anthropologists to testify to the fact that primitive man, absorbed as he is in the activities of the tribe, has no individuality comparable to that which we take for granted in civilization, and he undertakes to explain the rise and fall of cultures in terms of the repeated emergence of that individualism which, in the past, has always continued to develop until its expanding force shattered the social structure. The priest-king and the hero are "proto-individuals" whose minds have just begun to separate themselves from the group-mind of the tribe. They are not sufficiently numerous to do more than change slightly the form of the civilization in which they live, but as more and more individuals (i.e., persons who demand something for themselves as distinguished from the survival of the group) are developed, institutions must be produced to take care of their demands. A salvation-religion which promises individual survival serves for a time to draw off their energies, and as their number increases beyond that which any possible priesthood can accommodate, then some form of monasticism must also appear. When this stage has been reached, either society sinks under the burden of its socially useless members or, if it survives, the individuals who have been monks are transformed into revolutionaries because, having inevitably become disillusioned with mere otherworldliness, they have begun to demand as individuals a larger and larger share of property or power. But economic goods are themselves not sufficient to satisfy the demands of an individuality which, in truth, nothing can satisfy; and this fact is indicated by the dissatisfaction manifest today with the nineteenth-century ideal of progressive economic amelioration. Hence the disappointed revolutionary is the last possible embodiment of the individual, and unless there is some change in the direction of psychical development our civilization must undergo an inevitable decline like that which affected it in the past when Egypt succumbed to the enervating influence of a salvation-religion, or when the Western world sank under the weight of monasticism.

Though Mr. Heard's examination of history in the light of this hypothesis is extremely interesting, this aspect of his theory is hardly more optimistic than Spengler's. But to save us from the horror of the "eternal recurrence" he undertakes to maintain that individualism is merely a phase in the development of the psyche which is, as a matter of fact, just now entering upon a stage characterized by the emergence of a new kind of group-mind, analogous to but higher than that of the primitive man. Human development, to use his favorite image, is not circular but spiral. We do not either go round and round or up and up but we do both at once, so that we constantly reach conditions similar to those of the past but not identical with them. And the present state of anthropological knowledge may be made to give support to the theory, for while nineteenth-century students were incapable of seeing the primitive man as anything except an imperfect individual, we have recently come to understand that his relation to the tribe is one implying a psyche radically different from ours, which proves, according to Mr. Heard's ingenious interpretation, that we today have reached a point in the spiral directly "over" that occupied by primitive man whom, therefore, we comprehend in a fashion which was impossible for even our grandfathers.

Rationalism (if I may be permitted to state Mr. Heard's argument in a form somewhat different from that which he uses) has never been able to comprehend in its own terms even those altruistic impulses which rationalists themselves feel. Its social theories have always had to be based upon the sufficiency of self-interest as a social motive, and hence must result in pessimism as soon as criticism makes it evident that "enlightened selfishness" is not sufficient to maintain a satisfactory society. But this is merely because rationalists—of whom Machiavelli is the extreme type—are always pure individualists compelled by the character of their own psyche to remain ignorant of the nature of that altruistic group loyalty which is infra-rational in primitive man but will be super-rational in the man of the future. The super-individual, who is now, according to Mr. Heard, adumbrated by the scientist devoted to the disinterested pursuit of truth and who is destined to break through the walls of his individual personality in a fashion now hinted at by experiments in telepathy, will save our civilization from decay and prevent any "eternal recurrence."

Mr. Heard advances his theories modestly and rather for discussion than for uncritical acceptance. Obviously the phenomena which he describes are open to interpretations different from that which he gives. It might, for example, perversely be maintained that our increasing comprehension of the primitive man is as likely to foreshadow a reversion to his state as it is to herald some transcendence of it, and there are many who will recoil a little from any argument which seems to place much weight upon the dubious results of telepathic experiments. Schiller at Leland Stanford found that persons who attemped to choose the card suggested by means of telepathy were wrong even more often than by the laws of chance they should have been, and when Mr. Heard suggests that this demonstrates a negative action on the part of the unconscious mind he is positively fantastic. But highly speculative though his book is it does, as I remarked before, offer some possible escape for those who have found themselves unwillingly forced into gloomy conclusions concerning the future of mankind, even though I, personally, find myself contemplating his vision of a de-individualized future without great enthusiasm and am not sure that I would not prefer to be rather individual in a decaying civilization than some misty, half-differentiated unit in the group-mind of the future. But that, as Mr. Heard himself points out, is sure to be the reaction of the "intellectual" who represents the extreme of individualistic development and perhaps when we actually get to the future we shall like it.

* "The Ascent of Humanity." By Gerald Heard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

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It is true, also, that Henry Adams would have protested against the assumption that consciousness can possibly go on indefinitely increasing its "potential" in a universe where increasing entropy is inevitable. But in Mr. Heard's favor it must be admitted that only a rash man would build many faiths or doubts on the dogmas of those unaccountable fellows the physicists. They seem to be on the point of announcing any moment that the Second Law of Thermodynamics isn't a law anyway. When they have done so Mr. Heard will have at least one more difficulty out of the way.

Three Men

By MARK VAN DOREN

The Experience

He was so sensitive to sound,
And so impressible by rage,
We dropped the wolf when he was round
And were as lambs; but could assuage
No other portion of his fear
Than sat within a trembling ear.

Because he shrank and pulled the doors
That would have let our antics in,
Because he ran we stilled the roars
Of laughter tugging to begin—
Unknowing then that such a frown
Only needed striking down.

We never struck, and he was lost;
Or so it seemed until she came
Who was more beautiful than most,
And more unthinkable to tame.
She looked at him and smiled aloud;
And he forgot the timid crowd.

He forgot he was afraid
Of us who had too gently stepped.
She smiled again; and he betrayed
The courage in him now that leapt
And let him out as far at least
As to discover her a beast.

Even when her fangs were bare
That tossed him back his bitten heart,
We, recalling our old care,
Declared she played the milder part.
Something anyway is done
When two have fought and one has won.

The Player

Watching him who watched a card
As if it lit and like a bird,
Sitting brightly for a moment,
Would be gone upon the word;
Watching so, I said that hell
With him was not too often heard.

Although the trap was opened wide
And wind rushed up and bore its moan,
While he bent across the blood
Of little hearts he was alone—
The darkest breath from anywhere
Would only sound upon a stone.

Then I saw him at the shaded
Velvet table; saw him rise
And whisper on the whirling balls,
That now were whirling in his eyes—
Clicking white and clicking red
Until he lost the older cries.

As soon as spring was on the grass
He too was there, and strung a net
And struck, and kept the flying ball
As long above as luck would let;
And struck again; but when it dropped,
Fear upon his cheek had set.

Thus it was whenever talk
Had come with us to tales and puns—
None so desperate to jest;
He was of the fleeing ones
That smell the night; and so must toss
And fabricate a hundred suns.

The Quartet

One needed bottles, red and white,
Before he laughed; and for the second
There must be a cape that beckoned
Down an empty street at night;
The next of them with ball and kite
Pretended youth; but no one reckoned
On the last, the silent-bright.

None of the four knew whence it came—
The joy wherein his face was set
Like any stone when they were met:
A ring of light that shone the same,
Morning or evening, round his name.
They could not know they were a net
He pulled about him in a game.

Away from them the world was deep
Beyond all comfort to his mind.
The ways he took were sharp-inclined,
There was no level he could keep.
But four could put the world asleep;
It ceased to tilt when they had lined
A room with laughter, that would creep

Across the walls and dangle down
Until it caught and held them fast.
There was no falling door to cast
A crazy shadow through the town
When they walked home—save for this clown,
To whom each evening seemed the last
As he went from them with a frown.

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James Joyce and Ireland

By MAURICE MURPHY

JAMES JOYCE has done more for Ireland than any other man of letters. It is not at all inconsistent with Irish character that in Ireland he is looked upon as a kind of pariah, not only by the peasantry but by many otherwise intelligent people. A recent article in an American magazine (a reprint from an Irish newspaper, I believe) by an Irish journalist speaks of Joyce as an intelligent but mentally perverted fiend. The Irish, like most people who are generally amenable and tolerant, are adamant and uncompromising where some pet theory or principle is concerned, and Joyce has not only exploded their most cherished illusion but has also renounced Catholicism. These are the two charges laid against him by the peasantry.

The world has chosen to look upon Ireland as a land of chaste, happy-go-lucky, sickly-sentimental, strong-armed morons. Unhappily there are such Irishmen, and Ireland chooses to be looked upon in that way. Joyce outrages this cherished illusion. His characters—and they are always Irish—seduce women just as the men of other countries do, and just as the men of Ireland do; some of them are foul-mouthed and unscrupulous just as the men of other countries are, and just as the men of Ireland are. Joyce makes plain the inevitable fact that the Irish are individuals the same as other peoples. Perhaps in time he will force the world to take Ireland seriously.

Very few Americans understand the intensity of religious differences in Ireland. The most delicate and vital subjects are the ones hardest to discuss, but the way the Irish avoid discussion of religion borders on the ridiculous. It did not in the least conciliate them that Joyce, speaking through Stephen Dedalus in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," answered, when asked if at his renunciation of Catholicism he was going to take up with Protestantism: "I said that I had lost the faith but not that I had lost self-respect. What kind of liberation would that be to forsake an absurdity which is logical and coherent to embrace one which is illogical and incoherent?" Of course, most of the Irish people have never seen these words because they have never read the book. But it would not have mattered: his sin was unpardonable.

There are two other charges preferred against Joyce, by two different classes of Irishmen. Joyce was not in the Irish rebellion of 1916. Patriotic Irishmen—patriotism is one of the points on which Irishmen are uncompromising—will never forgive him for that. Yet despite the fact that he speaks cynically (through Stephen Dedalus again) of Ireland as "the old sow that eats her farrow," I am sure he followed very closely the Easter Week insurrection and subsequent developments. Joyce knew he was a better writer than a soldier, so he went on writing. It was lucky for Ireland and for the world that he did.

The other and final grievance is leveled at him by contemporary literary men of Ireland. I do not say that any of these writers are conscious of a positive animosity toward him, but all of them, with very rare exceptions, appear to have at least a negative antipathy to his society. And they have good reason. Joyce is arrogant. Padraic Colum quotes him as saying to William Butler Yeats (Joyce was young and unknown at the time and Yeats was already a world figure): "We have met too late: you are too old to be influenced by me?" He never made any attempt to associate himself with the Abbey Theater movement; in fact he wrote a scathing pamphlet on it at its inception. He abhors movements and fraternity. His poem XXI in "Chamber Music" is warrant for this, and it gives a picture of Joyce that biography cannot match.

> He who hath glory lost, nor hath
> Found any soul to fellow his,
> Among his foes in scorn and wrath
> Holding to ancient nobleness,
> That high unconsortable one—
> His love is his companion.

A country can be saved only by one of its own. There have been many famous literary men born in Ireland, but nearly all of them were essentially transplanted Englishmen in that their work belongs to English literature. Dean Swift considered his birthplace the first and greatest of his misfortunes—and wrote of Lilliput; Sir Richard Steele lived in, wrote of, and preferred England; Oliver Goldsmith, though his writings are tinged throughout with the atmosphere of the land of his birth, did the same. Joyce is good for Ireland's soul. "The Tale of a Tub," the "Spectator," "The Good-Natured Man," and other writings are neither good nor bad for Ireland; they do not really affect Ireland; they affect England and English literature. To be good for the soul of one's country is not, to be sure, a prime requisite of literature, but neither is it incompatible with literature; and no one would ever accuse Joyce of moralizing intentionally. None of the four men just mentioned were of the aboriginal Gaelic stock. Thomas Moore and James Clarence Mangan were; but Moore was an English sycophant who was at all times a little too sentimental; and while the beauty of Mangan's poetry is transcendent and should be known the world over, he is hardly ever heard of outside Ireland. But it can be said to Ireland's credit that he is supreme there.

I do not mean to imply by the foregoing that Joyce's work is Irish literature because he writes of Ireland or because he is of Gaelic origin, although there is a part of Connaught that for centuries has been, and still is, known as the Joyce country. That he writes of Ireland is fortune's gift to Ireland; he could write of Lilliput and his work would be no less Irish. No one can doubt Joyce's Gaelicism. His writings are enveloped in a mist of melancholy—a mist as palpable as the mist from the hills that hovers over Dublin city; and melancholy is as inseparable from Irish literature as a kind of morbidness is from Russian.

Herbert S. Gorman tells us, in effect, that Joyce likes sentiment about as much as leprosy; and Joyce has proved that sentiment is not necessary to Irish literature. Nevertheless, whenever I think of Joyce I cannot help seeing him as Padraic Colum pictures him in "The Road Round Ireland": tormented, a friendless, dejected, though scornfully despondent figure sloshing along in the dreary drizzle of a Parisian afternoon, finding strange solace in murmuring to himself his poems. Again, Joyce may in time bring the world to take Ireland seriously.

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Spare the Book and Spoil the Child

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

MANY of us have at least a bowing acquaintance with that wanderer in a bookshop who, strolling irresolutely among tables piled high with the combined efforts of publishers and authors, encounters a salesman. To the question: "Anything I can help you with?" comes the answer: "Well, I don't know. What's good?" Others have perhaps encountered that inimitable patient who, when his doctor asked what troubled him, replied indignantly: "How should I know? That's for you to find out!"

The spirit of the wanderer and the patient has possibly inspired the many efforts both to create a taste for reading on the part of the general public and to raise the standards of such taste once it is created. The battle has been waged long and ardently on behalf of people over sixteen years of age, but only recently have the cudgels been taken up in behalf of those younger. A growing sense of the responsiveness of children to books which touch a reverberating chord has resulted, first, in a great increase of books written especially for them; second, in an attempt to develop discrimination and critical faculty on the part of children in selecting their own books; and, third, in a desire to reach a reading audience of as many children as possible. The methods adopted by enthusiastic and astute conspirators to attain these results are numerous and individual.

Perhaps the finest methods, assuredly the most beloved conspirators, are those of the public libraries and the librarians in the children's rooms. It is almost impossible to believe that there ever was any foundation for the story in Floyd Dell's "Moon Calf" of the little boy who, demanding suitable reading at the town library, was given "Elsie Dinsmore" by the librarian in charge. Certainly those children who live in the larger cities can rarely complain of receiving stones when they ask for literary bread. Although the complexities of modern life have invaded the libraries to such an extent that librarians would seem to have almost as little energy to read as teachers have to teach, the fact remains that the majority love books with a fervor which must inevitably communicate itself to the eager Oliver Twists insatiably demanding more. Circulating libraries, however, cannot give children the same feeling as the actual possession of books, although their influence is incalculable. There is, therefore, a host of first aids.

The most important, naturally, are the publishers, nearly sixty of whom now publish books for children as against a very small percentage a few years ago. Many have large and specialized children's departments, run by people thoroughly at home there and with loving fingers on the pulses of their young charges. Imprints such as those of Macmillan, Longmans Green, Harpers, Doubleday Doran, Stokes, Scribner's, The Century, Dutton—to name only a few of the aristocrats of the children's book world—may be trusted to represent the heritages of tested authors and illustrators and the finest contributions of newcomers in the field. The catalogues issued by such houses are in themselves book-review magazines, featuring, naturally, home talent but presenting their offerings fairly and bearing the stamp of good writing and make-up.

Librarians and reputable publishers (to say nothing of authors and illustrators) having worked both to create a reading taste for children and to keep their standards high, additional agencies are working to develop the critical faculty and to reach as large an audience as possible. Reviews of children's books appear in many of the children's own magazines such as *St. Nicholas, John Martin's Book,* the *American Girl,* etc., as well as in an increasing number of magazines for adults. *St. Nicholas* publishes occasionally a small folder called "The Junior Book News" in which children themselves write reviews of books they have enjoyed. This policy of encouraging children to write their own reviews is also pursued by the *Horn Book,* an exceptional magazine which cannot be classed with the others because it reviews exclusively children's books and gives authoritative news of developments in that world, sketches of children's authors, articles relating to special subjects treated in children's books, and similar matter. It is published four times annually by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, and its editors, Bertha Mahoney and Elinor Whitney, are the compilers of the most satisfying and most recent anthology of children's books, "Realms of Gold."

Besides the *Horn Book* there are children's book-review pages in many of the magazines for adults. The weekly page of Anne Carroll Moore, head of the children's department of the New York Public Library, which appears in the *Herald Tribune* book section under the caption "The Three Owls," is well enough known to require no comment. The *Saturday Review of Literature* has a bi-monthly page, The Children's Bookshop, conducted by Marian Ponsonby. *Parents,* formerly called *Children, the Magazine for Parents,* publishes reviews of children's books. Organizations such as the United Parents Association and the Child Study Federation also publish from time to time for their members classified and critical book lists for children.

When in such a magazine as *Vogue* one observes reviews of children's books, several New York department stores having unexpectedly large and well-stocked juvenile book departments come to mind. It is hardly necessary, however, to mention the giants or the pigmies in the bookshop world. One meets them on every street and avenue, and in the majority of cases they have juvenile departments influenced by any or all of the agencies already mentioned. The New York Children's Bookshop, which has recently combined with Harpers' Bookshop for Boys and Girls, is unique in that it stands for children's books and children's books only and maintains a standard gallantly high. Other veterans in the field have elaborately organized and well-stocked juvenile departments. Sometimes the less ambitious shops, as well as those which combine toys with book departments, atone in intelligence of service and quality of personnel for somewhat limited stock.

With these many agencies hard at work, it would appear that the children's own librarians, publishers, magazine editors, book reviewers, child-study associations, bookshops, and even department stores have covered the field pretty thoroughly. Yet one of their principal objectives, that of reaching as large an audience as possible, has not been satisfactorily attained. This is attested by the operation

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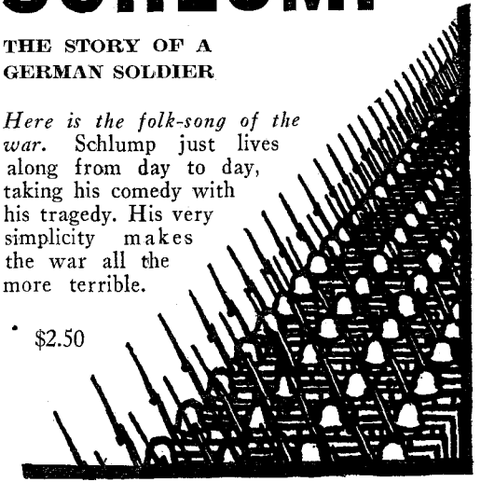

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in New York City at the present time of three book clubs for children run on the same principles as the senior Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild. These are the Children's Book Club, the Junior Literary Guild, and the Junior Book Club. All three, apparently, have one object in common: to bring what their reading committees regard as the most outstanding modern books for children, once a month by mail to their young members, without any effort on the part of the children or of their parents except the payment of the membership dues and, presumably, the reading of the books. All three have books submitted from over fifty publishers for examination and selection by their reading committees; all three boast imposing editorial boards composed of men and women prominent in the various fields connected with the welfare of children; all three, through the cooperation of publishers and the fact that they are able to examine manuscripts before printing, are able to send books to their members immediately upon publication. It is too soon to state their essential points of difference, since they have been in operation only since early in 1929, but some of their distinctive characteristics may be noted.

The Junior Book Club is the smallest in organization, but having been first in the field takes chronological precedence. Its reading committee, unlike that of the other two, is purely literary in character, the members being Louise Seaman of the Macmillan Company, an authority on children's books and their publication; Lydia Chapin Kirk, critic and editor of the Bookcase of the *Junior League Magazine;* Padraic Colum and Dhan Gopal Mukerji, beloved names in child literature; and Ann Haight, critic and lecturer, who is president of the club. The recipients of the books are divided into three age groups, and a bulletin is sent out once a month presenting a choice of books for the different ages and giving capsule reviews of those suggested. The selections include not only modern publications but also classics and books sometimes long out of print. The publishers' binding is not replaced by a special club imprint or binding, as is the practice of the other two clubs.

The reading committee of the Children's Book Club is educational rather than literary in character and personnel. Its members are Professor M. V. O'Shea of the New York Board of Education, professor of education at the University of Wisconsin and editor of various educational publications; Professor John S. Terry of the department of English in New York University; Elma A. Neal, director of elementary education at San Antonio, Texas; Gordon B. Volland, formerly of the Volland publications, now director of art, typography, and production; and Dr. Mabel L. Robinson, lecturer on juvenile writing at Columbia University and author of children's books. A feature emphasized by this club is the fact that all books are submitted to its board anonymously on the part of both authors and publishers. The readers are therefore uninfluenced by the prestige of the publisher or the reputation of the author and books are chosen solely on their merits. As in the junior clubs there are primary, junior, and senior memberships, the youngest group receiving six books annually, the others twelve. No choice of books is given, but should membership in the club prove unsatisfactory, it may be canceled at a month's notice. With each book received there is included a special letter directly from the author; there are "surprise packages" to members on membership anniversaries, a membership pin, two extra selected children's classics annually, and other apparently glamorous privileges, all widely advertised.

The Junior Literary Guild, which has combined with Selected Books for Juniors, Inc., is run on the same principles as the Literary Guild, of which it is a blood relative. Its offices are in the same building and Carl Van Doren is the chief adviser of the reading committee. In contrast with the literary character of the Junior Book Club's reading committee and the educational one of the Children's Book Club, that of the Literary Guild is varied. It includes Mrs. Franklin B. Roosevelt; Harford Powel, Jr., formerly editor of the *Youth's Companion;* Helen Ferris, formerly of the editorial staff of the *American Girl* and the *Youth's Companion* and author of several books for girls; Angelo Patri, a national figure in American education; Mrs. Sidonie M. Gruenberg, director of the Child Study Association; Robert E. Simon, first vice-president of the United Parents Association; and Katharine Ulrich, experienced both in juvenile sections of retail bookshops and in the juvenile department of a publishing house. So active and varied are the interests of this board that one wonders how they themselves escape the difficulties of that unfortunate class they are organized to assist—parents too busy to select books for their children. The Junior Literary Guild has two distinct points of departure from the Children's Book Club and the Junior Book Club. Although, like them, its membership is divided into three age groups, the boys and the girls in the group from twelve to sixteen are given different selections; it being the opinion of the Guild that there is a very decided difference in the tastes and requirements of the sexes during those years. Moreover, the Guild, when the publishers' binding, typography, or illustrations do not seem appropriate to the editorial board, changes any or all of these according to its taste and judgment.

From the point of view of new authors whose books receive, in addition to publication, certain purchase and examination; from that of the publishers who supply the books en masse (the Literary Guild orders in quantities of 5,000), and from that of the booksellers whose increased orders will doubtless reflect the susceptibility of the public to anything labeled "selected by," the club plan reaps an assured if not necessarily a golden harvest. The question is whether clubs which, in their very nature as clubs, must make their appeals in ways until now foreign to the experience of children who already love books and to those who want to do so, will succeed in appealing to such children? Will children understand and respond to the new language as their elders did not respond, one remembers, to Esperanto, the proposed universal language for an at least equally pressing necessity? Will children who are already hero-worshipers or potential hero-worshipers relish, for example, one of the club inducements offered—that of receiving a "personal letter" from the author with each book? Imagine the consternation in the ranks of youthful autograph collectors! What of the attitude fostered by a wording such as this in one of the club circulars: "Boys and girls of the club are insiders in the book world. The letters they receive from authors place them on intimate terms with writers and their books. They know what good books are, they are able to talk intelligently about them. Very soon, among their classmates and associates, they become known as boys and girls

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who are members of the Children's Book Club." Are club pins, badges, engraved club creeds, "surprise packages" the hallmarks of real or potential booklovers? Presumably a fine book is the privilege of club members. Must children be bribed to accept privileges?

The answer is that they ought not to be but that they undeniably are. Education has ceased to be a privilege and, despite all the efforts of the newer educational systems and the existence of those children fortunate enough to feel the joy of work, the great unwashed and many of the perfectly groomed must still be bullied, bribed, or persuaded into it. Welcome or unwelcome, the book clubs have undoubtedly come to stay. They represent the apparent requirements of an age which, in order to popularize Sara Crewe, gave her into the hands of Mary Pickford; which has delivered Beethoven and Chopin over to interpretive dancers; which has recently permitted Willy Pogany to take the most astounding liberties with Alice in Wonderland; which, in short, wants its classics interpreted in a recognizable *argot*.

Books

Not So Rabelais

All the Extant Works of François Rabelais: an American Translation with Variorum Notes by Samuel Putnam. Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. Privately Printed for Subscribers Only. Three volumes. Covici-Friede. $135.

THE works of Rabelais were first translated into English in the seventeenth century by Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Motteux. Their work remains one of the great classics of our language; only one other translation surpasses it. With the exception of the King James version of the Bible, it is the best example of what our language can do by way of reproducing upon an alien reader the total effect produced by an original upon a native reader. To reproduce this total effect was its purpose, and it could not attain it otherwise than by literary devices which necessitated some sacrifice—in many cases considerable sacrifice—of literalness. Another type of translation therefore seemed called for, and it was supplied about a quarter of a century ago by W. F. Smith, of the University of Cambridge. His translation is accurate, dignified, and scholarly; it was meant to be that, and it is just that. It does not reproduce upon us the total effect produced by Rabelais upon his native readers, nor does it pretend to do so. It stands toward the earlier translation almost precisely as the revised version of the Bible stands toward the King James version. Any one unable to read sixteenth-century French can find in it a fine and precise rendering of the French original exactly as it stands, and he can thereby, if he has any curiosity about it, measure the earlier translation's lapses from literalness. These two translations would seem pretty well to cover the ground, but Mr. Putnam now brings out a new one, done into what he calls "the language of the American yeomanry—that language which our mothers, uncorrupted by any schoolmarm refinements, spoke." In another place he also qualifies this language as that "which the translator speaks, and which is spoken around him."

Mr. Putnam is a facile translator, and his sincerity and diligence deserve all praise, so that one would like to speak as well of his achievement as one can. He has evidently worked hard over his translation, and as hard, too, over raking together the enormous volume of literary curiosities and critical odds and ends that he has incorporated into his notes. Giving him all credit for this, one must yet wonder whether, after all, he has not worked a little too hard. Why should he have tried to produce a new translation? The reasons that he gives seem by no means conclusive, unless he had in mind some rather special constituency of readers. If one is after literalness, there is Smith. It is true that Smith's work needs some revision, called for by the progress of textual and historical criticism since his time; but the amount of labor indicated by this is very small by comparison with that required to retranslate throughout, and the net result would have been, one must say, much better. Mr. Putnam says as an implied objection that Smith's rendering is in "the English of the 1890's, and is naturally an essentially British version." Well, without putting any date to it, one may observe that Smith's English is very simple and good, quite to be understood by any cultivated American reader; and an uncultivated or half-cultivated American reader surely has no claim on Rabelais that would justify years of a translator's labor to help him realize. If one reads Rabelais, on the other hand, for different purposes—purposes that I shall presently say more about—there is the Urquhart-Motteux version. This, too, needs a certain editorial treatment to make it fully available, which also I shall speak of presently. Mr. Putnam says that Urquhart's text is "very nearly as difficult in spots, for the ordinary citizen, as Rabelais's middle French." If by Urquhart's text he means his language, one can only say that Urquhart's language is the language of the King James version, and if the ordinary citizen cannot make his way through that, he would be quite unlikely to get anything worth having out of Rabelais under any circumstances.

These remarks of Mr. Putnam's, borne out as they seem to be by the general tone of his introduction, point to his having in mind a very special class of readers; and if one could only be sure who and what they are, one would have pleasure in addressing them directly and recommending Mr. Putnam's book to them. Persons with a gregarious literary curiosity, especially if they have also an antiquarian turn, will read many of Mr. Putnam's notes with some amusement and interest. Aside from such, I do not know any of whom I could speak with anything like definiteness. Indeed, I hardly see how Mr. Putnam's translation can even be broadly recommended to Americans as distinctively American, except for its glossary of slang and coprolalia. These are everywhere national and regional, I suppose, and Mr. Putnam does his full duty by them. Aside from these, however, I see little to mark his periods as American, and hence his claims in behalf of an American language seem extravagant. For example, in the third chapter of the Third Book, Panurge says to Pantagruel:

> In Gaul, in the old days, when, under the rule of the Druids, serfs, varlets, and squires were burned alive at the funerals and obsequies of their lords and masters, don't you suppose those rascals had plenty of fear of their lords and masters' dying, seeing that then they would have to die too? . . . Don't you suppose that they were very careful to treat and serve their masters well? For then they could go on living, at least until the time came for them to die. Well, believe me, your creditors will pray God with an even more fervent devotion, from fear that you will die, since they love the sleeve better than the arm, and a denier more than life itself. . . .

If I am any judge, that is not American but English, and fairly good English. In the very next paragraph, however, Panurge, the man who has been speaking English of this quality, comes forth with this:

> Holy Smoke! when I come to think of it, you've got me aces up when you reprimand me for my debts and creditors. Yea bo; that's one time when I look upon myself as most august, reverend, and redoubtable. . . .

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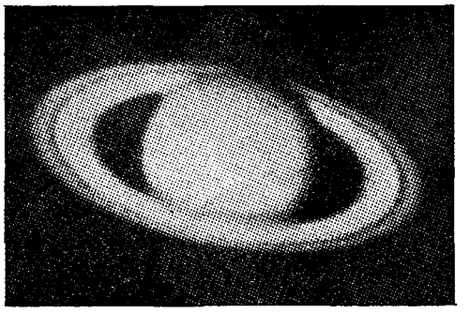

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This passage shows, as any page of Mr. Putnam's shows over and over again, the woeful hardship that a person brings on himself when he attempts to translate Rabelais under the conditions accepted by Mr. Putnam. No American that I ever saw or heard of talks like a Negro minstrel at one end of a sentence and like a seventeeenth-century English bishop at the other; still less would he write in that fashion. If he did, the reader would be at once conscious of an incongruity somewhere, just as here he is at once conscious that Panurge is talking out of character either at one end of his sentence or the other. If Mr. Putnam says that his original shows the same incongruity, one must ask him how he knows that. Just here comes in the trouble with his thesis for translating "slang into slang, patois into patois, etc." The force of slang lies in its connotations, and in the case of practically all but current slang no one can know just what those are. I doubt whether Mr. Putnam could be quite sure just how a piece of American slang of the sixties or seventies affected its hearer, or just how to reproduce its effect upon a hearer of today. Rabelais's French for the foregoing runs thus:

> Vray bot, quand bien je y pense, vous me remettez à poinct en ronfle veue, me reprochant mes debtes et crediteurs. Dea! en ceste seule qualité je me reputois auguste, reverende et redoubtable.

The question then is whether Panurge's interjections originally by their connotation raised the sense of incongruity with the language and tone of the sentence that is raised by Mr. Putnam's equivalent. No one knows, of course; but Rabelais's general quality as a literary man sets up a very strong presumption that they did not. Mr. Putnam points out that the seventeenth-century translators, especially Motteux, also deal in slang. This is quite true; but in the first place, one does not know whether their slang invariably threw their narrative and the discourse of their personages out of character in the minds of their readers. It seems evident, however, that they were aware of the chance that it might do so. In the passage quoted, for instance, they render Rabelais's *Vray bot* by "Truly, and in good sooth, sir"; and they leave the second interjection, *Dea,* untranslated. Second, they were discriminating in their use of slang. Working on a theory of translation different from Mr. Putnam's they were not committed to a mechanical use of it in every instance where it was admissible, or where, considering the context, its use would appear extravagant.

Thus I can think of no one class of readers, not even Americans at large, to whom I could recommend this work as likely to be useful or even interesting beyond the limits set by a vagrant curiosity. Mr. Putnam's translation has no reason for existence that I can discover, and his notes and introductory matter are more likely to retard an acquaintance with Rabelais than to promote it. No doubt Mr. Putnam knows his constituency, if I do not, and knows what it ought to have; so I am glad to believe that his work has appropriate merits which I cannot discern, and glad to believe, also, that within the limits which he set for himself he has probably done about as well as any one could do. Having the general reader in mind, however, I can only say with Lincoln that for those who like that sort of thing, Mr. Putnam's work would no doubt be the sort of thing they like; and that it is not the book's misfortune, but my own, that I do not know who those are.

Mr. Putnam's work, though itself not at all, I think, what should be done, has the merit of indirectly indicating something that is much needed. Rabelais should be read as Homer, Sophocles, and Shakespeare are read, as an eminent and practical aid to "the good life"; especially eminent and practical now, when circumstances make an adequate conception of the good life uncommonly hard to come by, and harder to realize. His clear, steady, imperturbable outlook on every relation of life; his unfailing sense of what life has to offer that is worth taking, and of what is not; his estimate of what makes life worth living and of what degrades it into uselessness—it is for all this that Rabelais should be read, and, I say again, especially and above every other writer at this stage of the world's progress. Even more, it is for the spirit that *floats* these desiderata and makes them viable; the spirit that never condescends to moral rebuke, and that tempers objectivity with just the right measure of joy, indulgence, affability.

The Urquhart-Motteux translation communicates all this as no other rendering could possibly do. What is much needed, therefore, is that a well-printed edition should be brought out, with the text carefully established, and with such notes, and such only, as would enable the reader to make his way intelligently through it. I know of no such thing on the market since the Bohn edition of 1843—I am not quite sure of the date, but it came out in the forties—which was a miserable affair. People may well be excused for ignorance of what this great neglected work has for them. To get out such an edition as I speak of is not a matter of a few weeks or a few months on the part of somebody who chooses to put a 'prentice hand to it; it is an undertaking that requires long experience and special qualifications—very special and unusual. Mr. Putnam's work, whatever its merits or demerits, points unmistakably to this need, and those who wish to know the best that a great classic can do for them should join in the hope that the need may be met as promptly as possible.

ALBERT JAY NOCK

Horrors and Perversions

Rasputin. By Ivan Nazhivin. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $6.

IVAN NAZHIVIN'S "Rasputin" consciously takes the form of the Russian classics. Its loose-jointed narrative sprawls through two volumes to a total of 750 pages. Its scenes shift rapidly from village to city and back, and many of the minor village scenes particularly seem authentic and alive even though the persons depicted are touched with madness. The book is overpopulated with confusing multitudes of characters who murder one another and bob before ikons and endlessly discuss their souls, altogether in the traditional Slavic manner. In this disordered mass the better-ordered few seek escape from reality in introspection and mysticism.

It is the traditional form, but the spirit has become attenuated. From the seeming irrationality of a Dostoevsky humanity emerges, terrible and pitiful and amazing. From Nazhivin we get merely horror piled upon horror until the thing becomes a bore. The actors so far lose the human form that one no longer believes in them. "Rasputin" purports to be a historical novel of the Russian revolution, but unfortunately the writer became so engrossed in the blood-curdling episodes of the civil wars that he lost the real revolution altogether. The canvas proved altogether too large for a competent painter of miniatures.

The dissolute monk who was the power behind the throne during the last years of Czarism, and juggled prime ministers or archbishops as his whim or interest directed, is the central figure of the story only by courtesy. We have merely glimpses of him, hardly enough to make him real. On his principal appearances he is engrossed in tedious discussions about the existence or non-existence of God. Even the bungling murder of Rasputin by young Prince Usupov and his confederates has an air of unreality, though the author has followed his sources with fidelity. His picture is notably less convincing than Usupov's own naive story.

Mr. Nazhivin has again illustrated the axiom that great

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creative literature cannot be compounded merely from hatred and disgust. His Czar is a simpleton, the Czaritsa a neurotic, Rodzianko a fat futility, the clergy corrupt, Kerensky a popinjay, the Bolshevik leaders murderous hooligans. The only leaders of the period whom the author seems to admire are those rather shabby military adventurers, Kornilov and Denikin. His minor characters are virtually all psychopathic types. The only one for whom he displays any enduring tenderness is a dreamer with a habit of going into ecstasies before ikons while the world is being torn in pieces about him.

The author's most emphatic disgust is reserved for the Bolsheviks. In his narrative their leaders are preoccupied exclusively with murder, thievery, and rape, and the details of these activities are dragged out unctuously over scores and scores of pages. Curiously enough, Lenin hardly appears in this story of the revolution. Trotzky figures as a kind of chief sadist, "the ringleted, untidy, long-nosed Bronstein, a Jew." The writer lets slip no opportunity to attribute the horrors of the revolutionary period to Jewish conspirators, who employed Chinese and Letts to do their dirty work. The end finds them triumphant, with Russia in ruins and the surviving émigrés composing their souls with pious mysticisms in the Bavarian mountains.

The book is a curious anachronism. Despair and escape are no longer the twin notes of the Russian soul. Even in this difficult transition stage, under considerable official rigidity, the new Soviet literature is robust and eager and grasps at life without fear. The village is too busy with foundation work to have time or inclination for long introspections. From all this new life Nazhivin is spiritually an émigré.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Chicago the Extraordinary

Chicago: A History of Its Reputation. By Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

AT length we have something of a miracle in "Chicago: A History of Its Reputation," a throbbing biography of a city, fascinating as a Dreiser novel, written colorfully and with a fine sense of the dramatic. Neither a eulogy nor an attack, it is a swiftly moving recital of the tremendous events, tragic, humorous, inspiring, and nauseating, that have marked the imperial onward march of a community that has fairly pulsated with dynamic energy from the beginning. Happily, unlike most histories of cities, the tale is told with literary power and imagination. It could hardly have been otherwise, for the authors are Henry Justin Smith, a novelist, and Lloyd Lewis who recently distinguished himself with his "Myths After Lincoln." They have so saturated themselves with their subject that in dealing with every period they seem to be writing out of their personal experiences and from their own observations. Thus they have produced a glowing panoramic picture.

The tale begins with Chicago a dismally unpromising trading post and ends with the dynasty of Bill the Builder. To cover intelligently and consecutively the more than a century intervening called for genius in the selection of material. No really significant event is missing; each is graphically described in its special significance, and all are made to fit naturally into the gaudy, ugly, beautiful, depressing, and magnificent mosaic which is Chicago. The reader is impressed with the common tone of all these years. Always the same—men with the raw elemental power, the grim determination, the cruel relentlessness of materialists mostly impressed with materialistic values. We are shown men of imagination and audacious daring, Napoleonic in their concepts, building, tearing down, rebuilding on a scale constantly grander and grander, reaching out grimly, restlessly for an industrial, commercial, financial domination of the midwestern empire. Good strong men, but rough; bad strong men, but touched with genius—these, in combinations sometimes incongruous, are the wizards working the miracles; and swarming about them great multitudes of people, toilers, gamblers, idealists, murderers, prostitutes, bringing to the making of the most amazing of cities the instincts, superstitions, prejudices of every race and clime.

But this is only one side of the picture. There are stockyards that smell to heaven, but also the art gallery; the International Harvester, but likewise the Field Museum; the low brothel, but also the opera; the gambling dens—and the university. The sordidness of industrialism is set off against the imposing parks and the lake-front drive—things of beauty and a joy forever. In brief, like any great city, and especially any great American city, Chicago is a mixture of good and bad. In turning these pages one concludes that the city has always had this mixture from the days when William B. Ogden began to sell lots and John Stephen Wright began to visualize the future. The bad is no worse today and the good is better. Why then Chicago's reputation? The answer is to be found, perhaps, in its flamboyance, its delight and amusement in the bizarre however bad, and in the fact that now, as ever, its people, feverishly seeking the pot of gold where the rainbow touches earth, have no time to pause even to end the exploitation of themselves. That, and a certain breezy Western contempt for the hypocrisy which would sweep the trash under the couch when outsiders are expected. Chicago conceals nothing, denies nothing, accepts everything. Where but there would the prostitutes driven from their district have dared stage a spectacular parade of protest through the streets in broad daylight?

Such is the impression, in general, left by the biography of Chicago. Of course the book is not one of generalities. The important events are all given their proper place—the exploitation by the politicians, the victimizing of the people by unscrupulous corporations, the feasts and famines, the riots and the racketeering; and we see the scaffold rise for the men of the Haymarket and the prison doors open to Debs. Powerful figures, good and bad, talk through the pages—Ogden, "Long John," Stephen A. Douglas, McCormick whose Chicago-made reapers "won the Civil War," Pullman and Medill, Field and Yerkes, and among the lords of the scepter such mayors as Busse and Thompson and Dunne and the Carter Harrisons.

A tremendous job, the writing of this book, and a job amazingly well done.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

A Biographer's Tricks

The Incredible Marquis. By Herbert Gorman. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

SOME books seem to be as much the publisher's inspiration as the author's. Here is one of them, a large and handsome production heralded as "an adventurous and glamorous biography," pointed up with a false catch-title (for Dumas, of course, was no marquis and used the questionable patent for but a short period during his long life), and tricked out with sure-fire devices for hypnotizing the attention of the uncritical reader. It is excellent trade-goods, a book clearly manufactured to hit the popular taste and yet, with its miscellaneous slag-heaps of erudition, to enlist the applause of the critics. It is a book that may or may not have been originally conceived by its publishers; but it is certainly one that these impresarios would hail with joy, so nicely calculated is it to summon whoops and chortles from the critical fraternity and tickle the fancy of

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a monstrously bored reading public. For, essentially, that is what volumes such as "The Incredible Marquis" are: pink pills to purge ennui, of exactly the same order as a fast-moving romance. But the public which is now holding out its panting tongue for capsuled culture refuses to take its thrills straight; each shiver must have its educational value. Hence the modern biography with its simple formula: surround your facts with as much excitement as possible; your audience will react to the excitement and, forgetting the facts, will still be comforted by the feeling that, after all, the facts *were* there even though they seem to have disappeared in the fiery magic of the author's style.

Mr. Gorman's is a clever book—for many pages a readable book. It is stuccoed with erudition and has its quota of epigram. Somewhere between its attractive covers is a recognizable portrait of that rather simple, if enormous personality, Alexandre Dumas, *père*. In the heavy plum-pudding of its style are imbedded many appetizing raisins of anecdote. Yet I deem it fundamentally a bad book; and the fact that its badness is akin to the badness of so much modern biographical writing seems to offer an excuse for a more extended examination. Beyond this is another reason: the career of Mr. Gorman. Here we have the case of a writer of unquestionable talent who, because he can do a great many things with ease, has not permitted himself to do any one thing well. His long succession of books, which include two volumes of poetry of disparate character, a critical work on Joyce, a Joycean novel, a monograph on Longfellow, a witches-and-black-magic thriller, and now this biography of Alexandre Dumas, is evidence not of a hack-writer but of a wavering temperament which has permitted itself to be led astray by an unconcentrated literary enthusiasm. There, perhaps, is the root of the trouble: Mr. Gorman has read so many books that he has a number of rapidly formed ideas on almost any literary subject; consequently not one of his productions has been as good, as solid, as it might have been.

Of them all "The Incredible Marquis" pleases me least, not because it is hasty but because, in the sense I have indicated above, it is too craftily meditated. Mr. Gorman has appropriated to himself the defects of Dumas's own literary qualities: romanticism, exaggeration, trickery, sentimentality. The life of Dumas is viewed as a chain of gorgeous and fantastic incredibilities. Little is allowed to interfere with this impression of unrestrained speed and color, for once that impression is established in the reader's mind he is bound to "enjoy" the book—enjoy it, that is to say, as he would a good detective story. Everything is rendered exciting, mobile, breathless. Dumas's visit to Algiers, which was in its essentials little more than a *visite touriste* streaked with a few eccentric happenings, is made to sound like an elaborate farce-melodrama. Dumas's part in the July Revolution, which should be an amusing anecdote, is inflated until it appears in the guise of a glorified D'Artagnanesque adventure. The Revolution itself is described largely in colorful and romantic detail, as if the sober findings of modern historical research did not exist for Mr. Gorman. How, indeed, does the book open? Inevitably on that false note of the irrelevantly picturesque which Emil Ludwig has popularized: "For three days troops passed through the quiet little village of Villers-Cotterets, surrounded by its miles of green forest, on their way to Soissons, Laon, Mézières. They were gaitered giants, legendary creatures with fierce mustaches and faces browned by the burning suns of a dozen campaigns. . . . Brigade after brigade passed. Rumbling ammunition wagons. Creaking caissons. The elephant-colored snouts of dusty cannon. Horses with proud tossing heads, braided tails, and sweating flanks. Clattering supply carts. Swaying shakos and fluttering sword sashes. Long jingling troops of cavalry, the men sitting easily in their heavy saddles, their sabers clashing against their spurs. . . . Cuirassiers. Cannoneers. Hussars. Dragoons." With all due respect to its cleverness, one must denominate this sheer fake writing, not in the least to be excused on the ground that "a boy of thirteen, blue-eyed, with long fair curly hair" "watched the grizzled veterans of the Grande Armée pass" and "seemed to hear a voice in the air above him, the voice of a tired man who had fought greatly and suffered and died at last in a bed, with the sword hung on the wall and the uniform laid away in a chest." It is all so easy, these facile picturesque imaginings, these speciously grand prose rhythms, this superficially military staccato. It is juvenile fine writing, of a type which Mr. Gorman, at heart, is immensely superior to.

Mr. Gorman does this kind of thing with such nonchalant ease that he cannot refrain from introducing extraneous descriptive material of the "vivid" order. Whenever the external events of Dumas's life seem too quiet to be worth recounting, there is always Paris to be described—picturesque, romantic, beautiful Paris with its grisettes and cafés, eccentrics, narrow curving streets, color, and movement. The result of all this is to clutter the story rather than enrich it; the career of Dumas is overlaid with a thick layer of vaguely relevant expository and descriptive writing. Even this would not be so bad if Mr. Gorman had not availed himself, in the process, of a multitude of tawdry tricks derived mainly from Ludwig and Thomas Beer. There is, for example, that falsely exciting technique of describing an unnamed character at mystifying length and, at the end, confronting the open-mouthed reader with "the place was the Chateau of Montgobert and the young woman in the embroidered slippers was Pauline Bonaparte, Princesse Borghese." There is that youthful type of consciously dramatic understatement which tells us that "in England a heavy-lidded man named Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte observed the agitation of the Reformists with some interest." There is that absurd affectation made fashionable by Beer which consists in setting down a series of curt summaries of contemporaneous but seemingly unconnected events, the object being to secure a sort of cosmically ironical effect.

Anything for readability: there is the modern biographer's motto. Mr. Gorman, for example, depends much too confidently on Dumas's own memoirs. If an anecdote is amusing, even if it is absurd (such as the "I am going to kill God for killing my father" passage) it is included without any doubt being cast on its authenticity. Mr. Gorman knows that Dumas was the very greatest of liars. Why therefore trust him even as much as he does. He must have realized that a close dependence on the memories of the great romancer would inevitably produce merely another romance.

What is fundamentally the trouble, I think, is that Dumas is too simple a personality to engage intelligent interest throughout 450 large and closely written pages. The reader tires of his feats of endurance, his scuttlings to and fro, his prodigies of labor, his gargantuan feats and feasts. Once you get the idea the attention wavers. At this point may I refer to a biography of last season where the author was faced with a somewhat similar problem? In Matthew Josephson's "Zola and His Times" we also have a man who performed gigantic tasks under amazingly difficult conditions (Zola, remember, had no collaborators); but our attention was not uniquely riveted on these backbreaking labors, these believe-it-or-not monstrosities. The author, realizing that he could easily melodramatize his subject, refrained all the more from doing so. He never lost his head, rarely over-wrote; and when he gave a portrait of the times it was complete and related to Zola, not merely a picturesque hodge-podge bewildering the reader with its masses and heaps of detail.

I have written in this way because I believe that the

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faults of Mr. Gorman's laborious book are in large part the faults of much contemporary biographical writing. In an age where the better novelists are painfully conscientious and realistic, the biographers have abandoned themselves to romance and the illusion of the vivid. Books such as "The Incredible Marquis" now provide the same kind of stimulation that twenty years ago was supplied by novels of the Rupert of Hentzau school. "Glamorous," "adventurous," "breathless," "miraculous"—before we know it we will be taking these dear delights of the blurb-writers in all seriousness; and there will not be a single hero of the past whose life will not have been decorated and tricked out with a thousand and one phrases that should remain the property of the advertising writers, whose dishonesty is at least frankly commercial.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Railway Drama

The Romance of the Rails. By Agnes C. Laut. Two volumes. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride and Company. $7.50.

"ROMANCE" is a rather mild word for the strenuous exertions recorded and to some extent pictured in these two volumes. What they relate is the story of another Hundred Years' War; for the railways first had to fight the canals, then they fought one another, later they found themselves engaged in rivalry with a canal again, this time the interoceanic cut at Panama, and they were almost incessantly struggling with the government and with the public. Some of these battles were absurd; some were tragic. Some of them were led by heroes; some were directed by pirates. The fields on which they were fought were strewn with shattered investments, broken hopes, and ruined reputations. The war still continues, but it is seldom marked now by any incident that recalls the spectacular days of old.

The story is woven of three threads: mechanical devices, financial arrangements, and governmental supervision. No one of the three could have been left out, but the necessity for so many brought complications that frequently tied them into a knot which sometimes was slowly and painfully untangled and at other times unceremoniously slashed. We smile at early crudeness in all three: different widths between rails on different roads, necessitating frequent changes for passengers who were going even comparatively short distances; ludicrously inadequate financing, with subsequent expedients bordering on desperation; provisions that private vehicles might use the tracks and that roads should pay a rebate of their profits to competing canals. But later decades were guilty of equally egregious follies. Automatic couplers and air-brakes were viewed with suspicion; some of the weirdest and most rascally financing occurred after 1900; and it was a law of our own enlightened age which provided that if two trains met on parallel sidings over a road crossing, neither should go ahead until the other one had passed.

Inventors, investors, and public all had to learn. They were playing with something new under the sun and old assumptions and methods were impossible. Yet it was not a flaming youth but the ninety-year-old Charles Carroll of Carrollton who, when the ground was first broken for the Baltimore & Ohio, on July 4, 1828, made the most striking utterance regarding the significance of the occasion: "I consider this among the most important acts of my life; second only to signing the Declaration of Independence, if even second to that.'" The words were justified by the rapidity with which the railways came into their own. By 1843, despite the warning of the Boston *Transcript* that the use of steam to draw a train of coaches, their "soft effeminate cushions causing ease-

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ment to body and legs," would rob "passengers of manliness" and "death of half its terrors," the Boston and Albany line was carrying a larger amount of traffic than was borne by all the rivers and canals in the country.

This growth took place in the face of innumerable obstacles, some of them almost grotesque. By law no steam-driven monster could for a time enter the city limits of Albany or Buffalo. The ostensible reason was the peril to life and limb that would ensue; the real reasons were the Erie Canal, coach lines, teamsters, and taverns. Utica looked at Albany and saw how it was prospering by the inconveniences of travelers who had to spend a night there between trains, or rather, between railroads; so Utica became enterprising enough to show hostility to a through line. The difficulties of the first railways were so great that until the transcontinental roads were planned, through lines had been the outcome less of deliberation than of the addition of one local link to another. Then came Commodore Vanderbilt and at the age of seventy-five consolidated the links between New York and Buffalo into a single chain, opening an era in railway history.

Miss Laut's recital of her story is a somewhat incongruous mingling of scholarly research, chatty style, and occasional irrelevant comment. While her lightness of touch keeps the narrative from dragging, her chattiness sometimes obscures the outline of developments and her inclination to philosophize injects an element of mushiness. "Are we, or are we not," she demands, "tools in the hands of a Divine Destiny?" And as if that were not a sufficient dose of bathos, she adds solemnly, "Each must answer for himself." She also acknowledges her inability to pass judgment upon the financial soundness of some of the moves in the melodramatic struggle for control of the Erie, although questioning the position of Charles Francis Adams (she omits mention of his collaborator Henry Adams) on those moves. Nevertheless she gives a comprehensive and fairly well-detailed account of one of the most important and colorful segments of American history.

ROYAL J. DAVIS

Fifty Years Ago

The Eighteen-Seventies: Essays by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. Edited by Harley Granville-Barker. The Macmillan Company. $3.

A CERTAIN hush, delicate and refined, hangs over these papers: they were all written for what appears to be called the Royal Society of Literature, and it is obvious that the essayists take their membership with a considerable gravity. And well they may! Consider, for example, Sir Arthur Pinero. In America he strikes connoisseurs as no more than an out-moded dramatist, and even his knighthood no longer blinds and enchants, for he has been forced to share it with a rabble of shady journalists, chain-store magnates, and vaudeville clowns. But at home in England he is an F.R.S.L., and an F.R.S.L. walks in public processions directly behind F.R.G.S.'s, K.C.'s, and J.P.'s. Again, there is Hugh Walpole. To the world at large—a charming fellow, an eloquent lecturer, and a novelist who has somehow failed to make the grade. At home, in his academic robes, girt with key, plumes, and epaulettes—an official ornament of the national letters and the peer if not the superior of Shakespeare.

Such gaudy eminence naturally causes a man to conduct himself with care, but there is no evidence in these presents that it endows him with any faculty for the science of criticism. All the essays, in fact, are pretty dull. The Marquess of Crewe has the place of honor with a gloomy account of his father, Lord Houghton, and there follow treatises on the nov-

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elists of the seventies by Mr. Walpole, on the women novelists by Walter de la Mare, on the poets by John Drinkwater, on the women poets by Miss Sackville-West, on the theater by Sir Arthur Pinero, on the critics by Professor Frederick S. Boas, and on Oxford and Cambridge by R. W. Macan and W. E. Heitland. In every essay there is a laudable erudition. Names are brought forward that have been forgotten for half a century. We hear of such poets as Lord de Tabley, Thomas Edward Brown, Mrs. Louisa Guggenberger, Emily Pfeiffer, and Menella Bute Smedley, and of such novelists as Amelia Edwards, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, Mrs. Robert Stuart de Courcey Laffan, and a Mr. Jenkins, author of "Ginx's Baby"; but that is about as far as it goes. There is little apparent effort to relate the course of the literary stream to the larger flow of forces in England, and that little leads to nothing save some puerile theorizing.

Two of the essays, as I have said, have to do with Oxford and Cambridge. Both are by dons, and so they deal mainly with the personal trivialities that are the salient concern of the academic mind. There is nothing in the book about the great expansion of the English university system which began in the seventies, though it was far more important than anything that went on at Oxford and Cambridge. Huxley is mentioned three times—twice to marvel that he began lecturing to women at South Kensington in 1870. The fact that he had a considerable skill at writing English is not alluded to. Herbert Spencer is noticed but once, and then only to recall a silly sneer at his expense, here laid to Carlyle. The only author who gets a whole essay is Andrew Lang. The author, George Saintsbury, says that he was interested in everything save science, religion, and politics.

A somewhat sorry and dispirited performance. There is a high-toned air to the book, but it lacks substance. A fair match for the volume of "Academy Papers" published by members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1926.

H. L. Mencken

Romain Rolland and Beethoven

Beethoven the Creator. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Ernest Newman. Harper and Brothers. $5.

MORE than twenty years after his biography of Beethoven, that model of compact scholarship and vivid portraiture thrown off as a spark from the forge where "Jean-Christophe" was being smithied, Rolland writes "Beethoven the Creator," a return to the early theme in his later manner. A biography in the formal sense this is not, although it abounds in biographical material. It is rather, as its title in French more precisely designates ("Beethoven; Les Grandes Epoques Créatrices"), a study of Beethoven in his "great creative epochs," and, what is much more rare, a study of his creative process itself. The work is unique, for Rolland is peculiarly qualified. Musician, scholar, man of letters, with him Beethoven has been a lifelong study and a lifelong friend. His Jean-Christophe is Beethoven reincarnated.

In Rolland the streams of literature and music are confluent. For ages literature has learned from sculpture, from painting, from architecture, and from the sciences. Music has matured only within the past two or three centuries. The art is still too young to have made its maturity felt in the enrichment of literary form, except here and there a point in the craftsmanship of a few advanced writers. In England, Shaw and Samuel Butler have understood something of this; in Germany, where one would most naturally expect the union to be perfected first, it seems to have been overwhelmed by the abundance of music itself; but in France, with Rolland,

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the blend begins. There are elements of symphonic structure in "Jean-Christophe," and that novel is executed on the gigantic scale of a Wagnerian cycle. Moreover, in all that Rolland writes music is a vast interior sea whose sound and perfume are all-pervading; and two of his dramas of the French Revolution, "Palm Sunday" and "The Leonides," are orchestrated with a powerful symbolism of nature's sights and sounds colored with a dramatic irony which we have learned from the Greek dramatists, but in Rolland an irony heightened by what he has learned from music.

Any artist with words who is able to read an orchestral score must be twinged by its superior eloquence. The composer writes not in single lines of words but in a dozen or twenty lines of notation at once. Here, instead of one voice, are twenty voices, or a hundred, sounding together and all in harmony, rhythm, order, and organic structure. Can literature, even the drama, compete with this? Has literature any unexplored equivalents to these overpowering emotional effects (which are also highly intellectual) of orchestra and singers, to these necromancies of instrumental color, and to the test of frequent repetition which music endures so triumphantly? At least literature can learn from the subtleties of musical form, and, to judge from the seepage of musical terminology into common literary usage, this has already begun.

The supercilious aloofness of literature to music, the blandly Philistine ignorance of music on the part of reputable and even eminent men of letters, not only in America where one would expect it but also in Europe where one would not, is more than slightly fatuous. These writers do not seem to have heard that there has been a change of government; they are eighteenth-century monarchists wandering into the Red Kremlin totally unaware that the Bastille has fallen. In a generation more it is probable that a man of letters who has not studied his Beethovenian and Wagnerian scores (not to mention those of a dozen other composers) will be ranked with the poet who has never read Shakespeare. The ability to read phrases of music quoted in notation on a page of prose should be asking no more than ability to read any other modern language, with the additional reason that the language of music is universal. But, for the present, literature relegates music to specialists—to the critic, the pedagogue, the essayist—and it is only very rarely that a literary artist of the first rank—novelist, dramatist, biographer, historian—like Rolland understands and can use these vast unexploited riches which lie like gold ingots kicking round unheeded under the bootsoles of prospectors.

A concert pianist once asked me: "Do novelists know as little about other subjects as they know about music?" "Why do you ask?" "Because I have been reading a novel in which a young man serenades his girl by playing a symphony of Beethoven on his flute!" This is not so good, and there is going to be more of it directly the stampede of literature to music begins. A writer, by judicious consultation of authorities, may be able to bluff with some chance of success in science, or seamanship, or mechanics, or a given field of scholarship; but let him try it with music. . . . No subject is so fatally a dead give-away. It will betray him by his very tone.

An English reviewer of Rolland's "Beethoven the Creator" observes gingerly: "The style is very metaphorical." The remark is very English. What this matter-of-fact islander shies at is an overflow of music into literature. It is true that even in so excellent a translation as Ernest Newman's one is struck, after having first read Rolland's work in French, by how much of its flavor evaporates in English. Is French a language more sensitive to music? Yet even in English Rolland's analyses of the "Eroica," the "Appassionata," and "Fidelio" are a highly successful blend of musical scholarship and imaginative prose. It takes an artist to do this. Verbal

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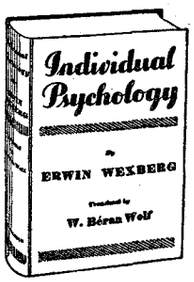

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interpretation of music is usually an indiscreet exposure of the interpreter's emotional interior—at its worst the maudlin gush of the program books and at its best only one auditor's fancy, universal speech screened through an individual consciousness. In so fine a work, for example, as Paul Bekker's "Beethoven" occur passages of imaginative interpretation beside which in the margin one is tempted to write "Bosh"! But Rolland is not only scholar and musician, he is poet as well. Not only does he understand the technical structure of the music and know the history of its conception; he is also qualified, as a creative artist in his own right, to discuss the creative process; and he is, finally, a master of imaginative prose. When, therefore, he begins to translate Beethoven into metaphor it is done for the most part with a grandeur of imagery and a nobility of language worthy of the music.

Beethoven's Michaelangelesque prodigality of painstaking, the various steps in his creative process—his mystical communion with nature; his long days in the open, note-book in hand; the inveteracy of his note-book habit; his heroic patience in reshaping themes ten, twenty times; his ruthless self-criticism; fortitude in rejecting beloved passages which had cost him infinite mental sweat; the marvels of his structural sense and ability to unravel his sketch-book material without recourse to mechanical aids; his psychic recognition of the final rightness of a theme's form when the ultimate version was at last attained; his habit of keeping several works in simultaneous incubation; his frequent practice of deciding on the form before the content—all these are phenomena which the average craftsman in any art could profitably examine; and although they have been frequently dealt with by other authors, Rolland's work is of special lucidity owing to the fact that he is something in this line himself.

If there is a better study of Beethoven in the entire centenary crop of such, I have not had the good luck to see it. Rolland's researches are up to the minute, and his pages contain novel and responsible diagnosis of the origin of the composer's deafness along with hitherto unpublished material about his relationships with the Brunsvik sisters and their cousin Guilietta Guicciardi. The work is based on the best authorities, including that most readable of encyclopaedias, Thayer, and adds to these an authority of its own. The author is a man of sixty-three. Ostracized by his refusal to share in the passions of the war period, virtually a proscript by the whole of belligerent Europe, he has been through enough to have killed an ordinary mortal. Yet his sufferings, like Beethoven's deafness, seem to have intensified his creative power. One might suppose this book to be the work of a fiery youngster in his twenties. It boils and bubbles with vitality. And it is only one of a dozen such—novels, dramas, and biographies—which have flowed from that fertile brain in the dozen years since the war. Such a spirit has a right to speak of the creative process, even of Beethoven's

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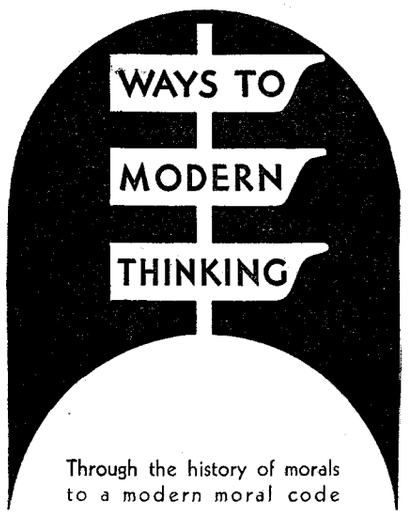
a lively style that borders at times on the flamboyant; they are full of apt and interesting illustrative anecdotes, and, though obviously addressed primarily to the general reader, they contain matter that deserves the attention of the student.

The leading theme of the present book is what may be called the democratization of the British monarchy—a process which has reached its highest development during the reign of the present King. Neither Victoria nor Edward VII fully accepted all the implications of cabinet government, but George V appears to have done so. He neither possesses nor pretends to possess any personal authority in political affairs. Mr. MacDonagh refers to the appointment of Stanley Baldwin as Prime Minister in preference to Lord Curzon as establishing the principle that when a choice has to be made between two men with equal claims to the premiership it shall be decided not, as previously, "by the personal inclination of the sovereign, but by the weight of opinion in the party to which both men belong." The time has not yet come for a balanced estimate of the role of George V in the history of English kingship, but meanwhile the author's opinion that his reign will be notable for the adaptation of the monarchy to its new political and social environment seems well founded.

Perhaps the most important contribution that is made in this book is the account given of the short-lived republican movement that began and ended in the seventies of the last century. This movement, it is true, never became really formidable, but it caused much fluttering in royalist dovecotes, it was taken seriously by a good many politicians, and it was given such prominence in the press that it is strange it has been almost completely ignored by historians. Among the conditions that contributed to its rise Mr. MacDonagh refers to the anti-monarchical tone and *tendenz* of Thackeray's lectures on "The Four Georges," which were delivered to crowded middle-class audiences during the fifties; the spread of republican sentiment in sections of the working classes as a result of the establishment of the Third French Republic in 1870; the influence of the Paris Commune upon foreign workingmen in London, and the republican propaganda of Charles Bradlaugh who, though opposed to the use of force, sought in speech and writing to arouse contempt for the royal family in working-class circles.

Of consequence, too, was the circumstance that Queen Victoria during the middle period of her reign was distinctly not popular. Following the death of the Prince Consort she had retired in widowed seclusion from the public view, the court was in a state of suspended animation, and it was commonly believed that the Queen had accumulated a large fortune by savings out of the civil list granted to her by Parliament. The most important convert to republicanism was Sir Charles Dilke, then a Radical member of Parliament, who proceeded to spread the gospel from the public platform. The burden of his complaint against the monarchy was its cost to the nation, and in 1872 he moved in the House of Commons for an inquiry into the civil list, which then amounted to £385,000 per annum, of which £60,000 was for the Queen's personal use. The overwhelming defeat of his motion by no means put an end to the agitation. On the contrary, it was followed by an organized republican movement among the working classes. A conference of delegates representing republican clubs met at Sheffield in December, 1852; a National Republican Brotherhood was formed, and John Bright was nominated as first President of the British Republic! It says much for the sanity of the government that none of the republicans was prosecuted for sedition. Bright, whose republicanism was highly theoretical, declined the offer and (not without a trace of irony, one suspects) advised his supporters to leave the issue to posterity. In the following year the republican agitation collapsed—more suddenly than it had arisen.



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The story as outlined by Mr. MacDonagh is full of human interest and suggests a number of important questions.

It would be unreasonable to find fault with a book intended for popular consumption on the ground that it is not a product of profound scholarship; its author is not fairly censurable because he sometimes sails on waters the depths of which he has not plumbed. But there is little excuse for errors in matters of fact when the truth is easily ascertainable. Mr. MacDonagh does not fortify our confidence in the reliability of his statements by telling us that Queen Anne was the granddaughter of James I (p. 63) and that Balfour was Prime Minister when Queen Victoria died (p. 41), or by speaking of the High Court of Justice as existing in 1844 (p. 123), or by quoting the King's title incorrectly (p. 86).

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Fire Out of Flint

John Knox, Portrait of a Calvinist. By Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $3.50.

NEEDLESS to say the portrait of John Knox which Mr. Muir so ably presents resembles very little the solemn, heroic figure that stands beside Calvin, Beza, and Farel against the heights of old Geneva. The sculptor's granite gives a sense of placid power and singleness of purpose that the more complex art of the modern biographer neither seeks nor desires. Mr. Muir's portrait is etched. The lines are bitten deep; the blacks and whites burn in their vividness, but even so there are nuances that almost bring color to the portrait. It is entirely apparent that Mr. Muir desired to write an honest book: it is also clear that, unlike many other biographers who may have or who may charitably be credited with having a similar purpose, he has succeeded. To be sure, not all will accept as either final or perfect the picture he has created. Fanatic Presbyterians will object; they will condemn the book as popish if they read it at all. Others who can bear, more easily than Mr. Muir can, the unlovely severity of Puritanism for the sake of the essential democracy it fostered will admire the book without wholly accepting its conclusions.

With his interest concentrated on the inner rather than on the external life of Knox, Mr. Muir sets forth a history of Knox's mind. Of necessity he uses the facts of historical, religious, and social life in the sixteenth century and the principal events of Knox's physical existence. But this material serves merely to give background to the less tangible facts of intellectual and spiritual life. A pitfall appears, however, in the temptation to bring to the surface circumstances that will strengthen Mr. Muir's own concept of Knox. Usually one feels that he tries to avoid the melodramatic balance of vice and virtue, but in his emphasis on the tolerance of Mary of Guise as opposed to the devious manipulations of Knox, and in his insistent suggestion that in Scotland the Protestant ideal was merely the toy of debauched and turbulent nobles, he deviates from a vision that is steady and whole. One is inclined to believe that he does so because he fails to realize or perhaps to admit to himself that, despite personal weaknesses combined with a hardness of will that was sometimes cruel, John Knox demanded for Scotland liberties that today are looked upon as elementary throughout the world.

Knox labored toward a distant and, to him, a desirable goal—the substitution of the Kirk for an outworn and discredited ecclesiastical system antithetical to the spirit of the time. In his struggle for this all-consuming purpose he matched craft with craft and guile with guile; he condemned the "regiment of women" in Mary of Guise while he tolerated it in Elizabeth; he urged subjects to overthrow their princes and then admon-

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ished them to obey lawful rulers. But all this seeming inconsistency arises from the fact that monarchs were to him but trivial incidents in relation to one divine event—the establishment of a free church. Like the Puritans of England, he was forced to enter the political lists in order to struggle for what he conceived to be his life purpose.

Mr. Muir's analyses of motive and his psychological interpretations are keen, but perhaps they do not sufficiently consider the attitudes of mind prevailing in Knox's day. It is palpably a half-truth that human nature does not change. We know that although the elementary human reactions may seem to be static, the innumerable circumstances which condition the living of life in each age cause essential changes in the manner of those reactions. We cannot look upon the heavens with the same emotions an educated man of the thirteenth century experienced as he gazed above him on a starlit night; neither can we argue nor debate as Milton did with Salmasius. We can, however, understand those modes of behavior if insight opens the way for even the sharpest probe.

Knox emerges from this study a rancorous, surly, vacillating, spiritual bully, a physical coward, and a tactless pulpit-thumper. Mr. Muir seems awed by the man's tremendous will power. He admires the old lion's brilliant rhetorical flashes, but he finds the Calvinist taint unforgivable. That adherence to Geneva was Knox's unpardonable sin becomes apparent most strikingly in the statement that Knox robbed Scotland of the benefits of the Renaissance. But are not Calvin and Knox themselves fruits of the Renaissance? Was not the basis of their system—individualism in religion—rooted in Renaissance teaching? Despite his extremely able presentation of Calvinism in the chapter entitled Geneva, Mr. Muir seems to forget that the Renaissance produced Calvin as well as Leonardo. The Middle Ages, great as they were, postulated neither democracy nor tolerance, neither individualism nor free inquiry. These are Renaissance ideas which in varying degrees the men of the time, Calvin and Knox among them, partially embodied. The fact of the matter is that the adherents of Geneva chose only one part of the new illumination. They were not humanists.

It was the prevalence of Calvinism without Hellenism that brought aesthetic death to Knox and to Scotland. The tragedy was truly lamentable but the fatal flaw cannot have been only in Knox. He could not so easily have destroyed a more deeply rooted cultural corrective to Presbyterianism. In fact, one doubts the completeness of Knox's guilt when one remembers that Spenser and Milton were Calvinists.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Truth About Japan

Japan in Recent Times. By A. Morgan Young. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

NO Occidental, resident in Japan for any length of time, escapes a knowledge of the *Japan Chronicle*—the provocative, independent Kobe daily ranked by Dean Walter Williams as among the hundred best newspapers of the world. Certainly no paper in the East has fought so persistently for the abolition of abuses in the judiciary, the police, the penal system, for the ending of the militarist regime, for honest history, for press freedom against censorship and news suppression, for Korean independence, or for friendly international relations as has the *Chronicle* during the forty years of its history. Most of the material embodied in its editorials has, however, remained unknown to America and England. The *Chronicle* has been an anathema to Japanese officials, with the result that innumerable issues have been suppressed while other papers have gone unscathed for printing similar dispatches and

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correspondents have been loath to risk official displeasure by following its leads. Save for a few dispatches in the *Manchester Guardian*, the Kobe paper has remained the only outlet for much important Japanese news.

In "Japan in Recent Times" Mr. Young, the editor of the *Chronicle* since 1922, gathers into a connected story the gist of many of his editorials. The story of Japan's intervention in Siberia, its course in China, its Korean and Formosan policies, the growth of labor unionism, the spread of virulent anti-alienism in certain quarters, the political imbroglios, the incredible "earthquake rumors" that led to massacres of helpless Koreans and of labor leaders by murderers who became popular heroes, the false and atrocious scandals that foreign ships thrust Japanese men overboard and that girls were rescued only to be assaulted and thrown overboard again—all are told either for the first time to Western readers or told in more complete detail. Mr. Young has confidence that Japan is emerging from corruption and confusion into which a sudden rise to modernism plunged it. He believes that much of the country's misfortune comes from mingling two diverse traditions, and he looks to the people, rather than to the politicians and the press, for readjustment to violently changed conditions.

HARRY EMERSON WILDES

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NO gourmet is pleased with table d'hote service and poets or true lovers of poetry dislike anthologies. But anthologies will continue to appear as long as the reading public believes that in order to be "cultured" one must feed on poetry. This public has little natural appetite for poetry. Some dictator, however—the chairman of the club, the teacher, or the anthologist—has decreed that poetry is the necessary food of the soul. The menu is printed; little of the joy of choice is allowed; each course is prescribed.

The editor of an anthology determines the worth of the book. Critics of poetry and poets of taste have presented readers with invaluable collections. From such as these we have the early collections of Elizabethan songs, the "Golden Treasury," and other volumes which make accessible material that is difficult to obtain from the ordinary library. But the modern commercial tendency to anthologize is based upon the modern desire for catalogues. Anthologies have poured from the press: nature poems in one volume; love poems in another; poems on death; on childhood; on boyhood; on old age.

These anthologies fall, for the most part, into the class of catalogues. Selection has been determined not by the literary taste of the editor so much as by the subject. The book of "Sonnet Sequences" is the one volume in the present group which may be said to escape this condemnation. The sequences included range from Sidney's sonnets down to those of Edna Millay; and the book indicates, therefore, something of the development of the sonnet form and presents compactly a body of material for study which, scattered as it is in many places, is not ordinarily accessible with ease. The editor, moreover, has condensed the sonnet cycles in some cases without losing the significant development of the sequence.

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"Certain Poets of Importance," with the subtitle, "Victorian Verse Chosen for Comparison," a volume edited for the Browning Society of San Francisco, is typical of the method of study followed in many such clubs. With Browning as a point of departure these clubwomen evidently read first all of Browning's poems on children, and then, for comparison, the poems of Browning's contemporaries on children. Next they take up all the poems on music, on seascapes, on landscapes, and so on. The value of an anthology with such divisions seems negligible. The Victorians are likely to be ponderous enough without emphasis on the occasional nature of certain poems.

The most absurd of the anthologies are "Twentieth Century Love Poems" and "Parnassus en Route." The first is "love-medicine." The patients choose for their emotional needs from any one of such groupings as Love Aflame, Love Rebellious, Ashes of Love. The second is a volume to be purchased along with a Baedeker. While in Germany the reader studies carefully the poems under "Germany," and not until he has recovered from the Channel passage may he turn to the section labeled "England." These are "poems about places, not people," and dedicated to the traveler under the proverb: "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him."

"Japm" means "just another poetry magazine," and the anthology is just another anthology of modern magazine verse.

EDA LOU WALTON

Fiction Shorts

American Colony. By Charles Brackett. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Limiting his novel to the description of events occurring within twenty-four hours, Mr. Brackett portrays an egregiously unattractive class of Americans living unpretentiously on the French Riviera. In this small colony are included a young wife who has a naughty predilection for veronal; her husband who, by way of pleasing variation, "writes;" a youthful heiress whose infatuation for a handsome roughneck has almost disastrous consequences, and, to add the strictly modern accent, a young man whom everyone accepts without question as an unfortunate victim of a perverse Eros. This café-crawling set, which is vassal to sex on the *Côte d'Azur,* is described with commendable accuracy. Throughout the novel, however, one feels that Mr. Brackett is wasting a facile talent on the small affairs of small people who fortunately represent only an insignificant section of any American colony in Europe.

Violence. By Marcet and E. Haldeman-Julius. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

There is no novelty in being told by Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius that the Negro receives a sorry kind of justice in the South. As far as they go, the authors have produced a novel which might conceivably wake up the South to the obvious differences in the legal status of a fifteen-year-old black boy and a sanctimonious white preacher of the Methodist church, but it is doubtful if even the most trusting readers will believe in the reality of Parson Jordan, murderer, liar, and accomplished seducer. This monster of the fundamentalist creed kills a man under slight provocation and, virtually with smoking revolver in one hand and telephone in the other, comforts a parishioner with pious thoughts on immortality and eternal life. His incomparable effrontery and the measure of his and his relatives' placid acceptance of his Elmergantrian transgressions are altogether too exaggerated even to find place in a Methodist-baiter's nightmare. The stress laid on the ramifications of sexual ex-

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perience among Southern youth is also overdone. Where the authors are more restrained, as in their admirable interpretation of the selfishness, fear, or indifference which prevents enlightened individuals from coming to the Negro's rescue, they contribute something of value and succeed admirably in writing a straightforward, satisfying story. The keen powers of observation that are shown in the descriptions of mobs, "nigger hunts," and lynchings compensate somewhat for the bungled Dr. Jordan and the overemphasis on youth's terrifying gambols.

The Gate of a Strange Field. By Harold Heslop. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Mr. Heslop has been a miner and an active member of a trade union. Such also are the character and experience he gives his hero. His style is plain but good; his narrative is more important. The story is a worker's testimony of the mining industry in England during the past twenty years. Joe Tarrant went into the mines with pride and enthusiasm as soon as the law permitted—at fourteen. Routine soon palled, discontent grew with evil conditions, life became a shackle from which the union offered the only means of escape —the union, and Emily who was not his wife. Coal strikes were organized only to add to the miner's misery and debt, until at last came the general strike, holding so much promise and giving only a schoolboy's holiday to the professionally idle. To Joe the defeat brought final disgust with the pettiness of human beings, the politics of leaders, the fallacy of the union, and death. But does Mr. Heslop intend Joe's death to be a symbol? With trade unionism embodied in a political party in England, with human nature fairly constant, is there nothing for the miner but defeat, nothing for his cast-off wife but prostitution? It were better to believe that the end is a good novelist's "Finis," not a worker's indictment.

Black Opium. By Claude Farrère. Translated by Samuel Putnam. Illustrated by Alexander King. Privately printed.

Farrère's book, now for the first time translated from the French, will probably remain a classic in its field. It abandons quite frankly the ingenious mechanism of verisimilitude to be found in De Quincey and, with the first page, plunges into a narcotic universe of whorling dreams, ghastly deliriums, and magnificent nightmares. So colorful and effective, indeed, is Farrère's *morbidezza* that one wonders occasionally whether he has ever had the kindly pipe between his own teeth: the addict might be more matter of fact. The weird glow of the author's fancy is skilfully caught in the sensitive translation and reflected in the macabre illustrations by Alexander King.

Written on Water. By Francis de Miomandre. Brentano's. $2.50.

While Francis de Miomandre has something of a reputation in France, his work is on the whole negligible except when he writes on foreign literatures which he knows intimately. As an essayist he can be informed and delightful, as a critic informed but not original, but as a novelist he is falsely ingenuous and writes in a kind of dreary falsetto. "Written on Water" won the Goncourt prize some years ago, but this fact is of small consequence, for prizes in France are manipulated by publishers and the friends of authors. The book tells the story of a pre-war young man in Marseilles who daydreams about love, six blonde women, his first ball, a fortuitous meeting, and so on. The style is forced and dull, and the best that can be said for it is that at times it reminds one of Jane Austen adrift in France. It is of course never as good as Jane Austen. We are moved to wonder why a grown-up Frenchman should palpitate like a duenna over his sixteen-year old hero's first love affair.

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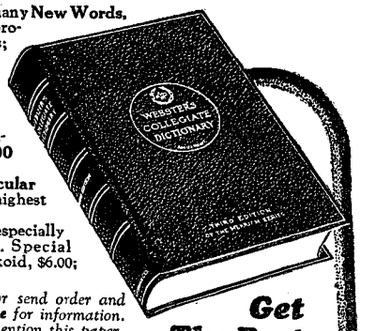

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L'Enfant and Washington, 1791-1792, by Elizabeth S. Kite, with an introduction by J. J. Jusserand and a foreword by Charles Moore (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press) brings together for the first time all of the published and unpublished documents relating to L'Enfant and his plans for the federal capitol building. M. Jusserand's introduction is reprinted from "With Americans of Past and Present Days" (1916). The work forms Volume III of the Historical Documents series of the Institut Français de Washington, edited by Professor Gilbert Chinard.

The Financial History of Baltimore, 1900-1926, by Leonard Owens Rea (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press), is a recent issue in the Johns Hopkins Studies in Historical and Political Science.

Federal Limitations upon Municipal Ordinance Making Power, by Harvey Walker (Columbus, Ohio: The Ohio State University Press; $3), is based upon an examination of all the decisions of the United States Supreme Court dealing with the validity of municipal ordinances.

Ce Qu'il Faut Connaître de l'Ame Américaine, by Régis Michaud (Paris: Boivin et Cie.; 8 francs), is a recent addition to the Ce Qu'il Faut Connaître series of popular books descriptive of various countries and subjects.

The first *Report of the Wage and Personnel Survey* prepared by the Field Survey Division of the Federal Personnel Classification Board (Washington: Government Printing Office) assembles a great mass of information regarding some 105,000 federal employees, exclusive of the postal and foreign services and a few groups whose wages are regulated by wage boards and similar authorities.

A *Report of the Committee on Terminology* of the Federated Council on Art Education aims "to present to workers in the field of art education constructive suggestions for improvement of the art vocabulary."

Brooks-Bright Prize Essays, 1929 (Brooks-Bright Foundation), contains the six essays on armament chosen from more than 87,000 written by school children in forty-two States. Dr. John H. Finley contributes an introduction.

My Skirmish with Jolly Roger, by D. H. Lawrence (Random House; $3.50), written as an introduction to a popular-priced edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," is an explanation of Mr. Lawrence's reasons for writing the latter book and a rebuttal to the charges of "obscenity and unnecessary vulgarity" that have been brought against it.

Nerinda, by Norman Douglas, first published pseudonymously in 1901, has been republished by the John Day Company ($2.50) from the first acknowledged edition issued at Florence last spring. Appended to the text is a chapter recounting the circumstances under which the book was written.

An edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland,* with illustrations in black and white by Willy Pogany, has been brought out by E. P. Dutton and Company ($2).

Count Hermann Keyserling's *Travel Diary of a Philosopher,* originally brought out in two volumes, has been reissued in an attractive one-volume edition (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $5). Amy Lowell's *John Keats* has also been reissued in a single volume (Houghton Mifflin Company; $5).

A handy edition of *The Koran* in E. H. Palmer's translation, with an introduction by Reynold A. Nicholson, has been included in the World's Classics series (Oxford University Press; 80 cents).

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